THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

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TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN perusing the very entertaining narrative of a philosophical traveller, to whose elegant and instructive letters we have always given a cheerful welcome, we should be unjust to Merit, if we did not explicitly declare that, in our unbiassed opinion, they are *superior* to a majority of similar compositions, which appear from the presses of Europe. In the Monthly Magazine, a work of established reputation, and in the Athenæum, adorned by the distinguished name of DR. AIKIN, the copious narratives of indefatigable tourists are constantly occurring. Rambles through France or Spain; excursions to Switzerland and the Alps; descriptions of the olive groves of Pisa; the vales of Arno; the myrtles of Tuscany, and the shores of the Mediterranean crowd the ephemeral page. Moreover we are treated with Tours to the Lakes, Tours to Wales, and Tours to Scotland, sir John Carr visits Ireland for our edification and his own, returns to make a book of his adventures, George Keate *trips* to Margate, and Mr. Moonshine visits Brighton,

"And wind the lengthened tale through many a page."

The remotest sections of Great Britain are explored by curious visitants, who, on their return to the capital, generously impart to some Maecenas *magaziner** all the gleanings and gatherings of a summer's ramble. The hills of Yorkshire are strode over by many a sturdy pedestrian for no other purpose, as it might seem, than to tell wondering mortals that he saw the *outside* of lord Revel's house, or made a very comfortable breakfast at the sign of the Harrow.

* On the authority of Goldsmith, the purest writer in the English language, the Editor employs this very happy and humorous word to designate that luckless wight, the conductor of a literary journal.

In addition to all this sort of lore, for which both writers and readers appear to have a mutual passion, we find the public journals overflowing with Tours to Bath, or Trips to Scarborough, and, to add to our astonishment, even the woods and the red men of our western wilderness, have their historian, and Mr. Thomas Ashe or Mr. R. Dinsmore perfectly amaze us with prodigious and most marvellous accounts of the dry bones of the Mammoth, or the *Salt Licks* of Kentucky. As we are much addicted to the reading of Magazines and other fugitive pamphlets of a similar complexion, scarcely any of these narratives have escaped our attention. Notwithstanding that many of them flow from the pens of scholars, and men of Genius and Observation, still we are often disgusted with idle trash and trivial details. To the honour of the American gentleman, the author of the letters before us, we find nothing in his agreeable story but what challenges our approbation. We are much more than amused by his letters, we are instructed too. On the important topics of the French and Swiss revolutions we have derived much valuable information. We have a perfect reliance upon his fidelity as a narrator, and he appears to us to be remarkably studious of philosophical precision. The style of these letters is appropriate and happy, and may securely invite a liberal comparison with any European compositions by fashionable tourists.

This opinion, however frank, it is highly probable may not be much valued by our traveller, because it is the opinion of one, who, cloistered from the world, and conversant chiefly with books, sees men only at a distance, and "*migrates* only from the blue bed to the brown." But if the editor's judgment be wholly contemned, our friend Mr. K———, may be gratified by the assurance, that the general suffrage is greatly in his favour, that the editor, hearkening at the avenue of public opinion, listens to no murmurs but those which should be sweet to the ears of our tourist; and, above all, that many enlightened foreigners speak with high respect of his work, and quote him as valid authority.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXI.

All that appears externally of the Temple, are three or four gloomy towers, which have succeeded to the Bastile of former times; and it is in these, and in the subterraneous vaults below, if we are to believe the reports of Paris, that scenes take place, whose lightest word "would harrow up the soul;" it was here the gallant Pichegru died, and it was here that captain Wright breathed his last. Whatever may have been the fate of the first, I cannot believe that the latter suffered from the hand of violence;

for I cannot perceive any advantage that could possibly result from it to the person, who alone might order the perpetration of such a deed. It is certain, however, (I have it from such good authority that I may venture to assert it;) it is certain that his nephew and another young man, who were transferred with him to the Temple, when he was taken, were threatened with the torture, to make them confess some circumstance which the government was desirous of being able to prove; they were resolute, however, in their refusal, and afterwards sent to Verdun. If you stretch a thread from the corner of the Rue Corderie, near the Temple, to the centre of the Place Royale, which is not far from the Bastile, you will pass through the middle of the Pont of Paris, which is called the Marais; in Madame de Sevignè's time, it was fashionable to reside there, and La Bruyere mentions its being the ton to go to mass in the Marais. It is at present the peaceful retreat of persons of small fortune, or of such as have become moderately rich elsewhere, and wish to pass the rest of their days in tranquil obscurity. There are few or no equipages in the streets, and not many people; and they, as well as the shops, have an air of belonging to a different age, or a different nation, from every thing that one sees in the Rue St. Honori, or at the Palais Royale. The hours of these quiet people too, are entirely different from those of the other end of the town; they dine at twelve, as their ancestors used to do, and are in bed before the gayer part of Paris have taken their tea. If you follow the thread which I have placed in your hands, it will lead you across the Vieille Rue du Temple, not far from the former Convent of St. Gervais, and near the spot where the Duke of Orleans was assassinated, by the orders of that Duke of Burgundy who was afterwards assassinated himself, at Montereau: he was a handsome, gay and good-humoured man, but indiscreet in his avowed admiration of every face that pleased him, and careless in the recital of his adventures; it was a circumstance of this sort, that drew down upon him the vengeance of the Duke of Burgundy. The same direction will immediately afterwards, carry you to the Rue Culture Saint Catherine, at the corner of which, and the Rue Franc Bourgeois, stands the Hotel de Carnevalet, where Madame de Sévignè resided: it is a large and handsome house, with a court-yard in front; it remains precisely as it was in her time, and is let out to a variety of

lodgers, who know by tradition, that Madame de Sevignè's apartments were on the first floor in front. We entered the court for a moment, and could not but think of Mr. de la Rochefoucault and Gourville, and Madam de la Fayette, and the amiable and spritely Madam de Coulanges, and the little round man her husband, and of the numbers of high rank, of distinguished beauty, of great abilities, and of singular character, who had entered the same gateway, and gone up the same steps before us, and have since been carried down the stream of time: I am too much indebted for amusement, at various moments of my life, to Madame de Sevignè, not to have paid this mark of respect to her memory; I even regret that I did not visit the ruins of the Castle of Grignan, notwithstanding the outrages that had taken place there. If ever there was a book for all hours, and for all situations, it is Madame de Sevignè's letters. With hardly any greater effort of the mind, than the lazy exercise of smoking would require, we enjoy the conversation of an amiable and well-informed woman; and whether she is sitting by the fire with the Chevalier, and talking of their common interests and of the ways of Providence, or at a supper at Gourville's, or in conversation with Louis XIV, after the play at St. Cyr, or going to visit a sick friend, or going to prayers, or on a journey, we feel ourselves by her side, and make one of the company—there are few people, there are none perhaps, so situated as not to benefit by her advice on a variety of important subjects; and there are few opinions decidedly useful for the regulation of ordinary life, which she has not recommended, and in a very impressive style. It may seem singular, but I hardly ever met with a Frenchman or even a Genevan, who was acquainted with these letters in any other way, than as a book which had been put into his hands when young, from its affording a good model for letter-writing; there are other books far more important on the government of life, which never acquire their proper weight in our estimation, and from this very circumstance perhaps, of their having been, in some measure, made school-books.

I might now conduct you to the Place Royale, where all is solitude and silence, and to the place the Bastile stood, or to the Arsenal, where an assemblage of gloomy buildings, and some remains of ancient fortifications are rendered interesting by the name of Sully, or we might visit the great looking-glass manufactory in the Faux-

bourg St. Antoine; but I must refer you for an idea of these, to some printed account, and conduct you to the Quinze Vingt, which is in this quarter of Paris; it was originally a hospital for the reception of 300 blind people, and liable, as all hospitals are, to very great abuses, to such as you will see alluded to in Montesquieu's Persian Letters, but is now appropriated to a master and assistants, who have the care and instruction of blind people, who are here taught several useful arts, and soon cease to be a burthen to society. That they should make purses and sticks, and different toys for children, did not surprise me, and I was prepared to find among them some good musicians, and others who were well grounded in the principles of moral and natural philosophy, and in all the usual branches of education. Providence, which has not thought proper that the organs of our senses should be reproduced in case of accident, as happens to some of the reptile and insect race, has bestowed a capability of improvement, that enables the senses, which remain, to supply, in great measure, the loss of those we may be deprived of; the ears and even the sense of smelling acquire in cases of blindness, a degree of increased sensiblity, but it is the touch which appears most wonderfully improved; it becomes so delicately sensible of every modification of form, that the blind may be said to see by their fingers; geography is taught by maps in relief; and I saw a little girl of twelve years of age, do a sum in the Rule of Three, with the utmost accuracy; it was proposed by one of the audience, and contained some fractions; the figures she made use of were at the extremity of pieces of metal, larger and longer than printers' types: these she selected from a heap before her, as they were proper for stating the question, and then added others in the same manner, confining them in a movable frame, as she proceeded, and feeling their extremities from time to time, with the action of a person who plays upon a piano forte. In one corner of the room was a printing-press, and a compositor and workmen busily employed, nor would it have been possible to have judged either from their manner of working, or their work, that they were blind, except that the compositor had a person who read to him: they have another mode of printing, peculiarly adapted to the use of the institution; the characters being deeply impressed on the surface of the paper, appear in projection on the other side, and the blind musician who wishes to study an air, or any

one of them who is desirous of consoling himself with some treatise of devotion, or has perhaps received a letter from a friend, for the same mode is applied to writing, turns over the paper, and reads backwards with his fingers. But if sight can almost be dispensed with in the usual course of ordinary life, if a person may become as good a scholar, and as good a mechanic without sight as with, it must yet be confessed, to the disadvantage of the Quinze Vingt, that the loss of the organ itself is a sad defect to the human face. I never, I thought, at the time, had seen so many ugly and ill-looking people brought together before: their manner of carrying their heads is ungraceful, it is merely adapted to the sense of hearing, and there is something extremely awkward in the walk of a person, who goes groping his way, or runs up against every door-post. The conductors of this institution deserve a great deal of credit, nor should the Emperor be without his share of praise; he allows a yearly sum and the use of the buildings, and seems really desirous of promoting the prosperity of the establishment. You must now stretch your thread from the centre of the Place Royale to the nothern corner of the Place de Greve, and again thence to the northern extremity of the Palace of the Thuilleries. The first course will carry you across the Rue de la Tesseranderie. It was in the second story of a house about midway of this street that Madame de Maintenon lived with her first husband, Scarron, whose gayety and good humour were proof against the most trying calamities. Scarron is an author not sufficiently known perhaps; when he means to be burlesque, he is ridiculous to excess, but his Comical Romance contains some interesting and many laughable scenes, and led the way to that humour, those well-described incidents of village manners, those scenes of midnight confusion and of fighting in country taverns for which Fielding and Smollet have been since so conspicuous. From being the wife of Scarron, to whose table the guests brought each a dish when they were invited to supper, from soliciting a pension of 25*l* a year, and being glad to get a bed at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, to residing in the royal apartments of Versailles as wife of Louis xiv, the change was greater than any thing known of in France before the Revolution. But Madame de Maintenon's letters convince us that this wonderful transition by no means contributed to her happiness; and such also would probably be the result, if we could know the secret histo-

ry of the Thuilleries, and of St. Cloud. The principal ornament of the Place de Greve, is the Maison de Ville, or Town House; it is a large and heavy building, in a style of ancient architecture, and such in every respect, as would attract but little attention, were it not for the interesting events which the view of it is attended with the recollection of. It was from the balcony of the Maison de Ville, that the king heard what seemed the joyful and affectionate shouts of the people, for the last time in his life; it was here that Mr. Necker showed himself, after his second return from exile, when he made so humane a use of his influence; and it was in the porch below, that the heroines of the Fronde were placed, dressed out for the occasion to the greatest advantage, with their ladies in attendance, and their knights and gentlemen, amid trumpets, violins, and warlike instruments, and the shouts of the populace, when a convoy of provisions, originally intended for the royal army, but which had been intercepted, passed in a sort of triumph across the Greve. The first executions which gave the mob of Paris a taste for blood, took place at the corner of a neighbouring street, and it was at the Maison de Ville, that the party of Robespierre made their last stand in 1794. He had been rescued by some of his adherents, and carried there as to the strong hold of the Commune, which had for some time exercised a species of sovereignty in Paris, and consequently, over the whole republic. I have been told by a person who was in the crowd when the committe from the convention passed through, that it was by no means decided what was to be the cry, whether for or against the Convention or the Commune, till one of the gensd'armes, who had followed the committee without any particular orders, levelled a pistol at Robespierre as he entered the hall, and shot the tyrant in the face. It is easier to describe the person of Robespierre from the accounts which have been transmitted of him, than to conceive what his motives could have been for so much cruelty and injustice. He was small, not ill made, pale, with a face expressive of talents, blended with malignity, and was always neatly dressed and powdered: one great source of his popularity originally and the foundation of his power afterwards, was an idea very generally prevalent, that he was of incorruptible integrity in money-matters; it appears however, that without any salary or any known resources, he sometimes gave expensive entertainments, and that he had lodged a

sum of money in a foreign country; he must have been ever internally miserable, for hatred and envy were the ruling passions of his soul, he knew himself to be execrated, and sometimes received anonymous letters, which must have struck him with horror. I know nothing so frightfully eloquent as one or two of them which were found among his papers and published after his death. The Greve had served for centuries, as a place of execution, when the Convention, in order to render the insult over royalty still greater, applied the square between the Champs Elise and the Thuilleries to that purpose; it has since however, been restored to its former privilege of affording a place for the scaffold of every poor wretch that dies by the sentence of the law: the spot generally chosen for that purpose, from time immemorial, is in the south-eastern corner of the square; a spot fatal to La Bruivilliers, Desraes, and other outcasts of mankind, and to some also who deserved a better fate: it was here that Georges was executed, with eight or ten of his friends and associates. The man who ventures secretly within the boundaries of an established government, with a view to blow the flame of civil war, must be content to forfeit his life, if he is detected; but there are circumstances in some instances, which alleviate the odium of such an enterprise; and Georges ought not to be confounded with a lurking assassin, whose only object is murder. You will find in Smollet and in Macpherson's History of England, the account of a similar enterprise in the reign of King William, which was undertaken by a number of ill-advised but gallant gentlemen, in favour of the exiled family; and it is thought that the Duke D'Enghien, whose death has been so universally lamented, even in France, had once ventured into Paris, as the Duke of Berwick, tells us in his memoirs, that he did upon an occasion, into London. Had this unfortunate prince been discovered at the time, and had there been even the formality of justice, and a public trial, the world might still have pitied him, but they must in great measure have exculpated the government, whose severity would have appeared an act of legal self-defence; but from the manner in which this shocking affair was planned and executed, it deserves to be branded with the censure of all mankind: it was a violent outrage, ending in an act of deliberate murder. Some sense of so foul a deed will adhere, it is to be hoped, to the conscience of him who ordered it, all hardened as he is; fortune may not smile upon him always,

and in some moment of uncertainty and anxiety, he may have dreams not unlike those of Richard, on Bosworth field, in his tent, and to the full as horrible as that which Clarence speaks of, when he relates all he had suffered in so dismal a night, and tells, in an agony of distress, of the phantom he had seen, and of the shadow like an angel with bright hair, dabbled in blood.

BIOGRAPHY.

In the year 1805 a quarto poem, a posthumous work of the late Dr. John Blair Linn issued from one of the respectable presses of this city. This poetical volume was entitled VALERIAN, a narrative poem, intended, in part, to describe the early persecutions of Christians, and rapidly to illustrate the influence of Christianity on the manners of nations. The design of this performance was obviously pious, and the execution, in many instances, perfectly poetical. When it is remembered that it was an unfinished and unrevised work, instead of provoking the severity of Criticism, it ought to experience much of the warmth of applause. Still it is obviously but an outline which the adventurous artist happily drew, but which the mortal man never filled. What, in our opinion, gives the greatest value to this volume is the memoir of the author prefixed to his book. This elegant specimen of affectionate biography is the production of Charles B. Brown, a relative of the deceased, and a man of letters by profession, who is distinguished by many publications both of beauty and utility. On this occasion we think he has acquitted himself with singular dexterity. The subject of his memorial, though unquestionably a man of genius, experienced no extraordinary vicissitudes, achieved no romantic adventures, visited no distant regions, and died at a juvenile age. Still from the scanty incidents afforded by a blameless and sequestered life, our Biographer has contrived to frame a story, which interests both the imagination and the passions.

As the volume, in which this memoir originally appeared, is now exceedingly scarce, only a few copies being struck off for subscribers, we have thought it honourable to the literature of America, to preserve, in the Port Folio, the Biography of Dr. Linn. This walk of composition has not been very often pursued in this country, and with the exception of the late Dr. Belknap and of Judge Marshall, we do not remember many names, who have distinguished themselves in this delightful department of composition. Mr. B. has

very happily succeeded, and in our opinion, he has on more than one occasion, successfully emulated Dr. Johnson when in his best mood. The following article is a fine specimen of a style pure, harmonious, and correct. *Editor.*

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF JOHN BLAIR LINN.

John Blair Linn was descended from ancestors who originally came from the British islands. They appear to have been emigrants at an early period, and to have given their descendants as just a claim to the title of American, as the nature of things will allow any civilized inhabitant of the United States to acquire.

His name bears testimony to the paternal and maternal stock from which he sprung. His great-grandfather, William Linn, was an emigrant from Ireland, who settled land in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, and whose eldest son, William, was the father of a numerous family.

The father of John Blair Linn received a careful education, which his family enabled him to complete at the college at Princeton. He was trained to the ministry, in the presbyterian church, and married, at an early age, Rebecca Blair, the third daughter of the Rev. John Blair. Her brother and uncle were likewise clergymen, and the family were eminently distinguished by their knowledge and piety.

Their eldest son, John Blair Linn, was born in Shippensburg, in Pennsylvania, March 14, 1777, at no great distance from the spot at which his father first drew breath, and where his great-grandfather first established his residence in this new world. The humble dwelling which was first erected in the forest still existed, at a small distance from that town, and continued for a considerable time after this, to be inhabited by his great-grandfather, who lived upwards of a hundred years.

It is impossible for his survivors to recount the earliest incidents of his life; to trace the first indications of future character and genius; or enumerate the little adventures and connexions of his childhood. The juvenile stages of our moral and intellectual progress, which are in all cases entertaining and instructive, are so, in a particular manner, when they relate to eminent persons. The authentic memorials of any man's life and character are only to be found in

his own narrative compared with the observations of others. In the present case, Mr.Linn's modesty prevented him from being his own historian, and peculiar circumstances occasioned his early life to pass over without much observation from others. We cannot any longer profit by his own recollections: the hand is now cold, and the tongue silent, which were best qualified to gratify the curiosity of love or veneration. We only know that he acquired the rudiments of knowledge at an age somewhat earlier than is customary. He was initiated into the Latin language while yet a child, and evinced very early a strong attachment to books. On his father's removal to New-York when John was only nine years old, he enjoyed new opportunities of improvement, under several respectable teachers. The happiest period of his life, however, in his own opinion, consisted of two or three years which he spent at a place of education at Flatbush, in Long-Island. He was in his thirteenth year when he left this seminary for New-York, where, at Columbia College, his education was completed.

Fortunate is that man who has spent any part of his early years at a country school. In youth, every object possesses the charms of novelty; care and disease have as yet made no inroads on the heart, nor stained that pure and bright medium, through which the external world makes its way to the fancy. The noise, the filth, the dull sights and unwholesome exhalations of a city are, in consequence of this enchantment, ever new and delightful to the youthful heart; but how much is this pleasure heightened, when the objects presented to view, and by which we are surrounded, are in themselves agreeable! There is something in the refreshing smells, the green, the quiet, the boundless prospects of the country, congenial to the temper of human beings at all ages; but these possess ineffable charms at that age, when the joints are firm and elastic, when the pulse beats cheerily, and no dark omens or melancholy retrospects invade the imagination. To roam through a wood with gay companions, to search the thicket for blackberries, to bathe in the clear running brook, are pleasures which fill the memory with delicious images, and are frequently called up to afford a little respite to the heart from the evils of our subsequent experience.

Dr. Linn was indebted to nature for a healthful rather than a robust constitution. He was a stranger to disease till after he had

reached manhood, and of that constitutional vivacity, which mere health confers, he possessed a very large share. His fancy was alive to the beauties of nature, and he experienced none of those little vexations and crosses, which some lads are doomed to suffer, through the malice of school-fellows, the tyranny of ushers, and the avarice of housekeepers. Hence, in the latter part of his life, no recollections were so agreeable as those of the time he passed at Flatbush, when he revelled in the full enjoyment of health, and its attendant cheerfulness. They formed a vivid contrast to that joyless and dreary state, to which disease afterwards reduced him.

He was near fourteen years of age when he returned home and went to college. He now entered on a scene widely different, in all respects, from that to which he had been previously accustomed: a new system of scholastic discipline, a new circle of associates, the sensations and views incident to persons on the eve of manhood.

The ensuing four years were active and important ones. The moral and intellectual dispositions, which men may possibly bring into the world with them, become fixed and settled, and receive their final direction at this age. When the appetites are vigorous, the senses keen, and the conduct regulated by temper and passion, rather than by prudence and experience, we are most alive to all impressions, and generally take that path which we pursue for the rest of our days. It was during this period that Mr. Linn's taste was formed; and though his moral and professional views underwent considerable changes afterwards, the literary inclination which he now imbibed or unfolded, continued to adhere to him for the rest of his life.

His genius now evinced a powerful tendency to poetry and criticism. What are called the fine writers of the age, and especially the poets, became his darling study. In a youthful breast, the glow of admiration is soon followed by the zeal to imitate; and he not only composed several pieces, both in prose and verse, but procured the publication of some of them in a distinct volume, before his seventeenth year. These performances possess no small merit, if we may judge of them by comparison with the youth and inexperience of the writer. They manifest considerable reading, a remarkably improved taste, and talents which only wanted the discipline and knowledge of age to make them illustrious.

In a city where there is an established theatre, a young man, smitten with a passion for letters, can scarcely fail of becoming an assiduous frequenter of its exhibitions. Plays form a large portion of the fashionable literature of a refined nation. The highest powers of invention are displayed in the walks of dramatic poetry; and what the young enthusiast devours in his closet, he hastens with unspeakable eagerness to behold invested with the charms of life and action on the stage. At that period, some performers of merit had been recently imported from Europe. The theatre was, in an eminent degree, a popular amusement, and Mr. Linn was at that age when the enchantment of such exhibitions is greatest. The theatre accordingly became his chief passion.

To austere and scrupulous minds, the theatre is highly obnoxious, not only as hurtful in itself, but as seducing unwary youth into collateral vices and undue expenses. On this account, such establishments are certainly liable to much censure. Whether reasonably or not, mankind have always annexed some disrepute to the profession of an actor; and hence no one will give himself to that profession, who cherishes in himself any lively regard for reputation. The odium with which any profession is loaded, even though originally groundless, has an unfortunate tendency to create an excuse for itself in the principles and manners of those who adopt it. To make men vitious, little more is necessary than to treat them as if they were so.

The example of Mr. Linn, however, may lead us to distinguish between that admiration for the drama, which leads some persons to the theatre, and those dissolute and idle habits, by which the attendance of others is produced, and which evince a taste for the life and manners of the actor, rather than a passion for excellent acting. The moral conduct of this youth was at all times irreproachable; and the impression made upon his fancy, by the great masters of the drama, seems to have contributed to his security from low tastes and vitious pleasures, rather than to have laid him open to their influence.

When his academical career was finished, he was eighteen years of age; and it being necessary to adopt some profession, his choice, and that of his family, fell upon the law. The law leads more directly and effectually to honour, power and profit, in America, than any

of what are termed the liberal professions. As we are strangers to all hereditary distinctions, the road to eminence is open to all; and while the practice of the law is extremely lucrative, it tends to bring forth talents and industry into public notice, and to recommend men to offices of profit and honour. A young man who, though meanly descended, shows some marks of genius and has received some degree of education beyond that of mere reading and writing his native tongue, seldom thinks of pursuing any mechanical trade, and if he has some ambition, he is generally educated to the bar. He is thus placed in the direct road of that profit and honour, which waits on political popularity, and may put in his claim, with more success than the followers of any other calling, for a seat in the national councils, and for any official station. The children of persons who are raised above others, by their riches or station, are, of course, whether qualified or not, destined to a liberal profession, and the law is generally preferred, because it affords the best means of building up a name or a fortune. Mr. Linn was probably influenced in his choice of this path, more because it was honourable and lucrative, than because it was particularly suited to gratify any favourite taste. He does not appear, therefore, to have applied with much assiduity or zeal to his new pursuit; his favourite authors continued to engage most of his attention; and his attachment to poetry acquired new force, by the contrast which the splendid visions of Shakspeare and Tasso bore to the naked abstractions and tormenting subtleties of Blakstone and Coke.

He was placed under the direction of Alexander Hamilton who was a friend of his father, and who took upon himself, with ardour, the care of perfecting the studies and promoting the fortunes of the son. Instead, however, of becoming enamoured of the glory, excellence, or usefulness that environ the names of Murray and of Erskine, Mr. Linn regarded the legal science every day with new indifference or disgust, which, at the end of the first year, induced him to relinquish the profession altogether.

Before this event took place, he had ventured to produce a dramatic composition, called Bourville Castle, on the stage. This performance was one of the many dramatic works he had previously concerted, but the only one which was ever performed on the stage. Its success was such as had been sufficient to have fixed the literary destiny of some minds. But his dramatic career was scarcely com-

menced, when it was entirely relinquished. His passion for theatrical amusements yielded place to affections of a more serious and beneficial nature; and those religious impressions, by which, from his earliest infancy, his mind had been occasionally visited, about this time assumed a permanent dominion over him. After much deliberation he determined to devote his future life to service in the church.

Such a decision, in a youthful and ardent mind, could only flow from deep convictions of duty. The heavy obligations which every clergyman incurs, the extraordinary claims which are made upon him, not only as a *teacher* of virtue and religion, but as a living *example* of their influence, form, to a conscientious mind, the most arduous circumstances of this profession. Considered as a calling, by which a subsistence is to be obtained, and a family reared, its disadvantages are very numerous. He is entirely precluded from any collateral and lucrative application of his time or talents, not only by the constant pressure of his clerical duties, but by the general sense of decorum; while the stipend he receives from the church is, in many cases, inadequate to decent subsistence, and in no case does it more than answer the current necessities and demands of a family. The clergyman deprives himself of all means of providing for the establishment of his children in trade or in marriage, or even for the period of age or infirmity in himself, by embracing a profession which, in many cases, appears to have a tendency to impair his health, and to shorten the duration of his life.

In Mr. Linn's case, these sacrifices were greater than ordinary. There were many circumstances to inspire his generous mind with unusual and commendable solicitude for the acquisition of fortune, and his new engagements were incompatible with those pursuits, which had hitherto formed his chief passion, and engrossed the greater portion of his time. Such, however, was the strength of his mind, and the force of his religious impressions, that not only the prospects of power and riches, but the more bewitching promises of dramatic popularity, were renounced with little hesitation or reluctance.

New-York was, in some respects, an eligible place for prosecuting theological as well as legal studies, but Mr. Linn weighed its disadvantages and benefits with too impartial a hand to allow him-

self to remain there. Along with his former habits and pursuits, he perceived the necessity of relinquishing many of his former companions, and abandoning the scenes to which he had been accustomed to resort. His prudence directed him to withdraw as much as possible from the busy and luxurious world, and to put far away all those objects which were calculated to divert him from the object to which he had deliberately devoted his future life.

With these views he left New-York, and retired to Schenectady. He there put himself under the care of Dr. Romeyn, a professor of theology in the reformed Dutch Church. His zeal and resolution appear to have continually increased in favour of his new pursuit. Experience, indeed, gradually unfolded difficulties of which he had not been at first aware. The importance and arduousness of the part which he had assigned himself became daily more apparent, but these discoveries diminished not his zeal, though they somewhat appalled his courage. In a letter to his father, written during his probation, and after a short visit to his family, he says, "When I was in New-York, I saw more clearly than I had ever yet seen, the road of preferment which I have forsaken. I saw more clearly than ever, that worldly friendship and favour follow the footsteps of pomp and ambition. I hope, however, never to have cause to regret the choice I have made. I hope to see more and more the little worth of earthly things, and the infinite importance of those which are eternal. As I have no treasures on earth, may I lay up treasures in heaven.

"The disgust which I contracted for the law might perhaps chiefly arise from a sickly and over delicate taste. The pages of Coke and Blackstone contained, to my apprehension, nothing but horrid jargon. The language of the science was discord, and its methods the perfection of confusion to me; and this, whether a fault in me or not, I cannot tell, but certain I am it was past remedy. But my aversion to the bar had something else in it than the mere loathing of taste. I could not bear its tricks and artifices; the enlisting of all one's wit and wisdom in the service of any one that could pay for them.

"My mind, which has been for a long time restless and uneasy, and continually on the wing, feels already, in this state of comparative solitude, that sober and quiet peace, to which it has been long

a stranger. I regret not the gay objects of New-York, which I have exchanged for the now dreary scenes of Schenectady. The pleasures of my former life were often the pleasures of an hour, leaving behind them the anxieties of days and of years. A very few excepted, I regret not those friends of my early youth, from whom I have removed. Friendship is in most cases only a weathercock, shifting with the lightest gale, and scarcely stable long enough to be viewed. The applause of men I no longer prize, and self-approbation becomes every day of greater value."

In this retreat he pursued his studies assiduously. How he employed his leisure, what books he read, what society he enjoyed, and what particular advances he made in knowledge or in virtue, in the government of himself or his acquaintance with the world, it is not in the power of the present narrator to communicate. It appears, however, that he indulged himself in some poetical effusions, and wrote occasionally some essays in prose, which were published in a newspaper of that place. Though not unworthy of praise from so young a man, their intrinsic merit does not entitle them to preservation.

He obtained a license to preach from the classis of Albany, in the year 1798, having just entered his twenty-second year. Having now an opportunity of displaying his qualifications of taste, knowledge and piety, the world soon became acquainted with his character. His merits in the pulpit were enhanced by his youth; a circumstance, which, while it afforded an apology for some exuberances of style and sentiment, imparted lively expectations of future excellence. He received calls from the presbyterian church at Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, and from the first presbyterian church at Philadelphia, than which there were no religious congregations in America, whose choice could be more honourable to the object of it.

He finally decided, though not without much hesitation and reluctance, in favour of the latter situation. In this he was influenced by many motives besides those, which in such a case, would naturally operate upon a young mind, eager for distinction. The principal of these originated in diffidence of his own powers, which he justly imagined would be subjected to less arduous trials, as an assistant minister, or co-pastor, than where the sole charge should devolve

upon himself. Under the auspices of so illustrious a colleague as the late Dr. Ewing, he hoped to enter on his important office with fewer disadvantages than most young men are subjected to. The errors of youth and inexperience would be less fatal, and would be more easily prevented and corrected, than in a different situation. The paternal treatment he always received from Dr. Ewing fulfilled these hopes, and his decision in their favour was fully justified by the veneration and affection of his people. He was ordained, and installed in his office, in June, 1799.

He had very early bestowed his affections on Miss Hester Bailey, a young lady of beauty and merit, daughter of Col. John Bailey, a respectable inhabitant of Poughkeepsie, in the state of New-York. On his settlement at Philadelphia, he married this lady. The fruits of this alliance, which was interrupted by death at the end of five years, were three sons, the two youngest of whom survived their father.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

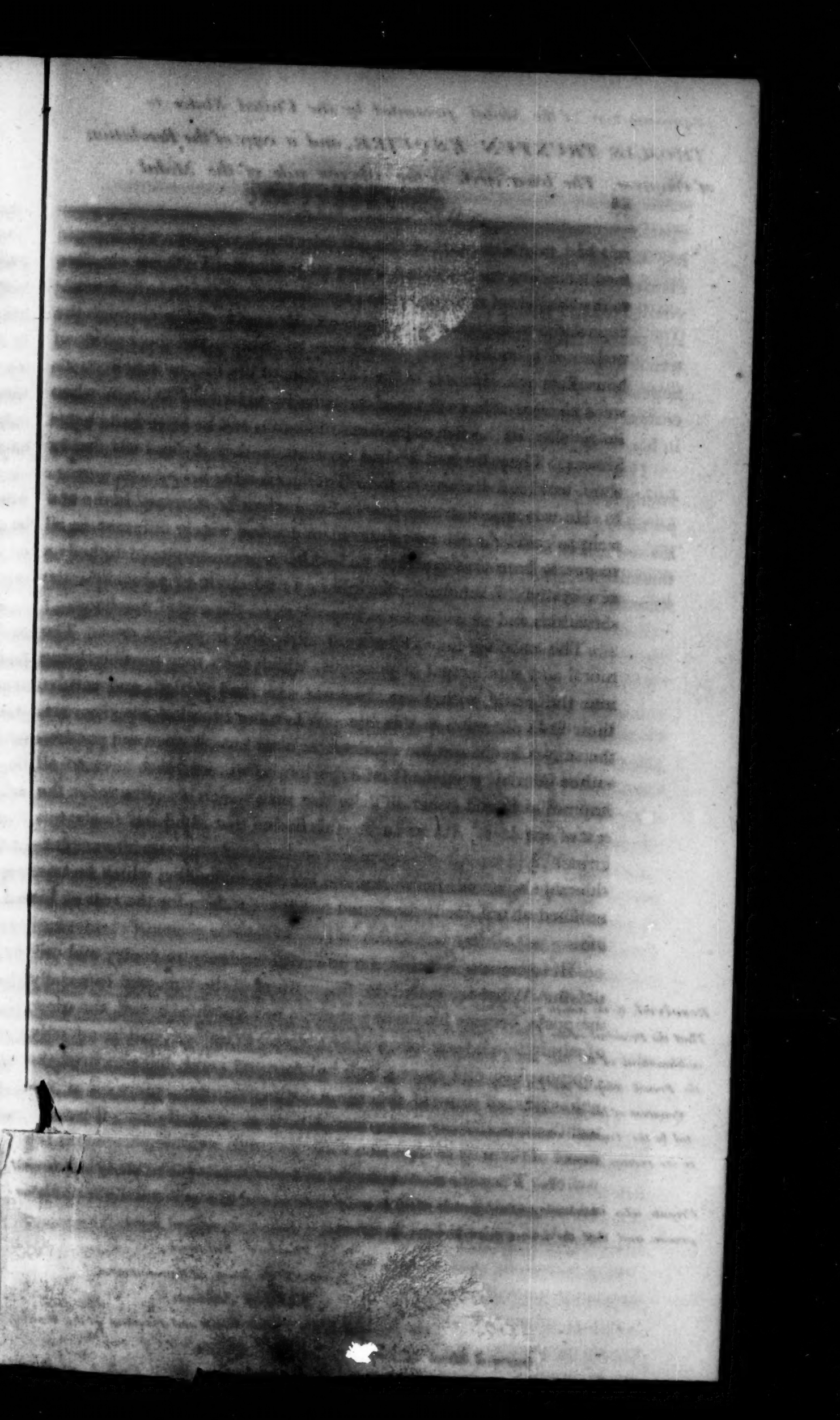
BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THOMAS TRUXTUN, ESQ.

Late Commander of an American Squadron.

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?

HOR. Lib. I, Car. iii.

Of that ardent spirit of enterprise, which, for the most important purposes, Nature has implanted in the heart of man, where shall we find stronger instances than in the biography of seamen? Inured to toil, and familiar with danger, it is in diffi-



A Representation of the Medal presented by the United States to THOMAS TRUXTUN ESQUIRE, *and a copy of the Resolution of Congress. The lower circle is the Obverse side of the Medal.*

Resolved, by the Senate and house of Representatives, of the United States of America, in Congress assembled. That the President of the United States, Be requested to present to Captain Thomas Truxtun, a Golden Medal, emblematical of the late action between the United States Frigate Constellation of thirty eight Guns, and the French Ship of war La Vengeance of fifty four Guns. In testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his Gallantry and good conduct in the above engagement, wherein an example was exhibited by the Captain Officers, sailors and Marines, honourable to the American name and useful to its rising Navy.

And it is further Resolved, that the conduct of James Jarvis a Midshipman in said Frigate, who Gloriously preferd certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise, and that the loss of so promising an Officer is a subject of national regret.

Theodore Sedgwick,
Speaker of the house of Representatives.

Thomas Jefferson,
Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

Approved March 29th 1800.

John Adams,
President of the United States.

culty and peril that they are seen to advantage. In vain does the ocean roll its stormy billows to confine them to any part of this globe:

> Necquicquam Deus abscidit
> Prudens Oceano dissociabili
> Terras.

Forsaking the earth, that heritage of the children of Adam, they win another element:

> Their march is on the mountain wave,
> Their *home* is on the deep.

In the languor and calms of peace, to them are we indebted for most of the delights and luxuries which surround us; in the tumult of war, they are the buckler of our safety. And though their country, unmindful of their services, may have treated them with coldness and neglect, yet generous to excess, and brave to temerity, should the tempest of war lower upon her coast, in them, regardless of the bickerings of party, would she again behold the most zealous of her defenders.

The subject of the present memoirs, whose achievements shed a lustre on the infant navy of his country, is the son of an eminent English barrister of the State (then colony) of New-York, and was born at Long-Island, on the 17th of February, 1755. Our hero, in consequence of the death of his father, was placed under the guardianship of his intimate friend, John Troup, Esq. of Jamaica, on Long-Island; from whose affectionate care, however, in a short time, the kindling spark of that spirit, which has since shone so conspicuously in his character, led him to the sea; and at the early age of twelve years, he embarked on his trial voyage, on board the ship Pitt, captain Joseph Holmes, bound to Bristol. In the following year he was placed, at his own request, under the direction of captain James Chambers, a celebrated commander in the London trade. During his apprenticeship, when the armament, in consequence of the dispute respecting the Falkland Islands, took place, he was impressed on board the Prudent, an English man of war of 64 guns; but was afterwards released, in consequence of the application of a person in authority. While on board the Prudent, the captain, pleased with

his intelligence and activity, endeavoured to prevail on him to remain in the service, and assured him that all his interest should be used for his promotion: but notwithstanding the prospects thus opened to his youthful and aspiring mind, as he conceived that his engagements with his former commander, would not permit him with honour to indulge his wishes, he left the Prudent, and returned to his old ship.

In the early part of 1775, he commanded a vessel and was very successful in bringing considerable quantities of powder into the United Colonies: but about the close of the same year, when bound to St. Eustatius, he was seized off the Island of St. Christopher by the British frigate Argo, and detained until the general restraining bill came out, when his vessel and cargo, of which he owned the half, were condemned. But what "ill-wind" can wreck the buoyant mind of the sailor? He made his way from St. Christopher's to St. Eustatius, and thence, embarking in a small vessel, after a short passage, he arrived in Philadelphia. At this period, the two first private ships of war fitted out in the colonies, called the Congress and Chance, were equipping for sea, and he entered on board the former as lieutenant. They sailed in company, early in the winter of 1776, and proceeded off the Havannah, where they captured several valuable Jamaica ships, bound home through the gulf of Florida; of one of which he took the command, and brought her safe into Bedford, Massachusetts. In June 1777, in company with Isaac Sears, Esq. he fitted out, at New-York, a vessel called the Independence, of which he took the command, and passing through the Sound (lord Howe having arrived with the British fleet at Sandy Hook, and blocked up that outlet) he proceeded off the Azores, where, besides making several other prizes, he fell in with a part of the Windward Island convoy, of which he captured three large and valuable ships; one of which was much superior to the Independence in both guns and men. On his return, he fitted out the ship Mars, mounting upwards of 20 guns, in which he sailed on a cruise in the English channel. Some of his prizes, which were numerous, he sent into Quiberon Bay, which, in a great measure laid the foundation of lord Stormont's remonstrance to the

French court, against the admission into her ports of our armed vessels and their prizes. On his return from this cruise he settled in Philadelphia, commanded, and in part owned, during the rest of the war, several of the most important armed vessels built in this place; and brought in from France and the West-India islands large cargoes of the articles, which, in those eventful times, were of the first necessity for the army. While carrying out to France, Thomas Barclay, Esq. our consul-general to that country, he had a very close and severe engagement with a British private ship of war of 32 guns (double his own force) which he obliged to sheer off; and she was afterwards towed into New-York by one of the king's ships, in a very dismantled condition. The ship, then under his command, was called the St. James, and mounted 20 guns, with a crew of about 100 men —not half the number on board his enemy. Here let us pay a tribute of justice founded upon unquestionable authority. Captain William Jones, of this city, and lately a member of congress, being at this period a very young man, was patronised by Truxtun, and placed on board the St. James in the capacity of third lieutenant; in this station he conducted himself so bravely and handsomely, and with such activity in this engagement, as well as on all other occasions, that he not only received the applause of his commander, but was by him soon after promoted to the first lieutenancy of that ship; and at subsequent periods, Truxtun took pleasure, wherever opportunities presented, in doing justice to his merit, by rendering him that applause to which he was entitled as an officer and a man. This he uniformly practised to all who, from their deportment and vigilance in their profession, merited his notice, while under his command. From this voyage he returned with the most valuable cargo brought into the United States during the war. It would be impossible for us, within the limits of this article, to recount the various instances of activity and zeal displayed by this gallant officer, during our struggle for Independence, not only at sea, but on two remarkable occasions on the land. We content ourselves with observing that in all his actions with British vessels of war, many of which were of force greatly superior to his own, he was invariably victorious.

After the peace of 1783, he turned his attention to commerce; and was concerned in an extensive trade to Europe, China, and the East Indies, until the commencement of our naval establishment in 1794; when, unable calmly to behold the rights of his country invaded, he stepped forward at her call, and was one of the first six captains *selected by* PRESIDENT WASHINGTON. The frigate Constellation, of 36 guns, which he was destined to command, he was directed to superintend the building of, at Baltimore; and she was the first one of that armament at sea.

Appointed, with a squadron under his command, to the protection of the American commerce in the West Indies, our commodore had an arduous task to perform, in the infancy of a navy not yet organized; but every difficulty yielded to the excellence of his discipline, for which he has ever been celebrated. On this station his indefatigable vigilance guarded, in the most effectual manner, the property of our merchants; and an enemy's privateer could scarcely look out of port without being captured.

At noon on the 9th of February 1799, the Island of Nevis bearing W. S. W. five leagues distant, the Constellation being then alone, a large ship was seen to the southward, upon which commodore Truxtun immediately bore down. On his hoisting the American ensign, the strange sail showed French colours, and fired a gun to windward (the signal of an enemy.) At a quarter past 3 P. M. the commodore was hailed by the French captain, and the Constellation, ranging along side of the enemy's frigate, who had so declared herself, by firing a gun to windward, poured in a close and extremely well-directed broadside, which was instantly returned by her antagonist, who after a very warm engagement of an hour and a quarter, hauled down her colours, and proved to be L'Insurgente, of 40 guns and 417 men; 29 of whom were killed, and 44 wounded in the action. She was commanded by Monsieur Barreau, a distinguished officer, who did not strike his colours till his ship was a perfect wreck. The Constellation had only one man killed and two wounded. A stronger instance of the strict and exemplary discipline preserved on board the Constellation cannot be given than this disparity of loss in the two ships: and yet, during the

whole time that commodore Truxtun commanded her, but one man was whipt at the gangway, and that for extreme bad conduct, and he was immediately discharged from the ship, as unworthy of belonging to her. Scarce a man of her crew had ever been in action before. The prize was taken into Basseterre, St. Christopher's, and after being refitted, added to the American navy.

This was the first opportunity that had offered to an American frigate of engaging an enemy of superior force; and the gallantry displayed by commodore Truxtun was highly applauded, not only by his own countrymen, but by foreigners. He received congratulatory addresses from all quarters, and the merchants of Lloyd's coffeehouse sent him a present of plate, worth upwards of six hundred guineas, with the action between the frigates elegantly engraved on it. It is a relief to the horrors of war, to see those whom the collisions of their countries have placed in hostile array, treat each other, when the battle is over, with all the urbanity of accomplished cavaliers. Capt. Barreau, in a letter to commodore Truxtun says: "I am sorry that our two nations are at war; but since I unfortunately have been vanquished I felicitate myself and crew upon being prisoners to you. You have united all the qualities which characterize a man of honour, courage, and humanity. Receive from me the most sincere thanks, and be assured, I shall make it a duty to publish to all my fellow-citizens, the generous conduct which you have observed towards us."

The Constellation, in a very short time was again at sea. It is unnecessary to give a list of the privateers and small vessels captured by the squadron; it is sufficient to say that the most effectual convoy was afforded by it, and France saw the West Indies cleared of her bucaniers by our infant navy on that station. While the different ships belonging to it, were cruising separately, so as to give the best protection to our merchant vessels, our commodore hearing that La Vengeance, a large French national ship of 54 guns, with upwards of five hundred men, including several general officers and troops on board, was lying at Guadaloupe, proceeded in January, 1800, off that port, determined if possible, notwithstanding the superiority of her force,

to bring her to action should she put to sea. On the 1st of February at half past seven A. M. the road of Basseterre, Guadaloupe, bearing E. five leagues distant, he discovered a sail in the S. E. standing to the westward, which soon proved to be the long sought for La Vengeance. The French officer, one would suppose, could have had no hesitation in engaging an enemy so inferior in guns and men as the Constellation; but this did not prove to be the case, for he crowded all sail to avoid his foe, and it was not till after a most persevering chase of upwards of twelve hours that the Constellation brought him to action. The engagement began by a fire from the stern and quarter deck guns of the French ship, which was returned, in a few minutes afterwards, by a broadside from the Constellation, that had by this time got upon the weather quarter of her antagonist, and a close and desperate action commenced, which lasted from eight o'clock until within a few minutes of one A. M. when the fire of La Vengeance was completely silenced. At this moment, when the American commander considered himself sure of his prize, and was endeavouring to secure his mainmast, which had been very much wounded, he had the misfortune to see it go by the board. A heavy squall coming on at the same time, before the Constellation could be completely cleared of the wreck, the French ship was enabled to effect her escape. Indeed, so sudden was her disappearence in the squall, that she was supposed by all on board the Constellation to have sunk. It however appeared afterwards, that five days after the action she got into Curracoa, in a most shattered condition, having had 160 men killed and wounded and nearly all her masts and rigging shot away. It had required all hands at the pumps for several days, to keep her from foundering. Her captain had the candour to acknowledge that he had twice struck his colours, but owing to the darkness of the night this was not perceived on board the Constellation, and he, finding that her fire continued, and concluding that it was the determination of his enemy to sink him, renewed the combat from necessity. When her mast went overboard, he took the advantage of the accident, and got off. In this engagement, the Constellation had fourteen men killed and twenty-five wounded. Among the former was James Jarvis, a young midshipman of

great promise, who commanded in the main top. When told by one of the old seamen of the danger of the mast falling, and requested, with his men, to come down, he replied, that if it went, they must go with it. In a few minutes after, it went over, and but one of the topmen was saved.

For the signal gallantry displayed in this action, the congress of the United States voted that a MEDAL (of which we insert an engraving) should be given to commodore Truxtun.

Since the accommodation of our dispute with France, in 1801, the commodore has been retired from the sea, and now resides in Philadelphia, in the enjoyment of that attention and respect which should ever accompany the retirement of the man who has devoted the best years of his life to the service of his country. And should that country again be forced into war, we may safely predict that, whoever may be the foe, he would cheerfully resign all the delights of ease on shore, to meet her enemy on the ocean.

We shall, for the present, conclude this subject, but probably resume it in a future number.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"Our regard will not be confined to books. It will extend to *all the productions of science.* Any new calculation, a commodious instrument, the discovery of any property in nature, or any new method of bringing known properties into use or view, shall be diligently treasured up, wherever found."

Dr. Johnson.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE ON THE HUMAN FUNCTIONS, &c.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have hastily put together some desultory observations on the following interesting question, which are at your disposal. C.

In what manner are the Human Functions affected by a rarefied Atmosphere, and how are these Affections to be explained?

All travellers whose reports on the subject I have consulted, agree in representing the corporeal, as well as some of the mental functions, to be very strangely influenced by this condition of the atmosphere. But the celebrated de Saussure, a writer, who unites to the profundity of philosophical research, the polish of literary refinement, has, from personal experience described these affections with the most precision. To his description I shall, therefore, principally adhere in the ensuing inquiry.

He states, that at a certain height above the level of the sea, there uniformly takes place a sudden and uncommon exhaustion of the muscular power. The natives of the Alps, who can climb for hours at the foot of the mountains without being at all wearied, are forced to stop, and take breath every few minutes when they ascend the hight of fourteen or fifteen hundred toises. Those who are less accustomed to the air of the mountains are obliged to rest much more frequently. So intolerable, indeed, is the fatigue induced in this situation, that the person suffering it, is rendered sometimes wholly incapable of motion. If he attempt to move, his legs sink under him, his heart palpitates, his arteries throb, his head becomes giddy, his eyes are dazzled, and, to avoid fainting, he is forced to sit down. Near the top of Mont Blanc our traveller could not advance more than a few steps without stopping to respire, and on the summit of it,

though his exertions were moderate, he was constrained frequently to desist altogether from them, and to breathe laboriously to recruit his strength.* With this excessive degree of fatigue, accelerated pulse, and difficult respiration, there is great thirst, sickness of stomach, a loathing of food, and an aversion to every species of spirituous liquors. But what is very extraordinary, these affections are as short in their duration, as they are violent.

After resting a few minutes, the sense of fatigue is so completely dissipated, that the person, in resuming his journey, feels such a renovation, that he is persuaded he will be able prosecute it uninterruptedly. He, however, is soon disappointed. On moving a short distance only, his former inability returns, and his progress is again arrested. An additional effect of this state of the atmosphere, is an almost irresistible propensity to sleep. We are told, that if the attention of the person be not engaged, and kept excited, he will, when pausing to rest, often fall to sleep almost instantaneously, though annoyed by the wind or cold, the light or heat of the sun, and in the most incommodious and disagreeable posture of his body. This sleep, sometimes, approaches in soundness nearly to lethargy.†

Nothing affords he least relief to any of the symptoms enumerated except *rest* and *cold water*. Cordials and spirituous liquors are found to aggravate all the complaints.

Now, *in what manner are these very singular affections to be explained?* No satisfactory solution has hitherto been offered. The explanation, however, appears to me to be exceedingly obvious, and we owe it to chymical physiology.

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* These effects are not peculiar to the human species. The same writer relates, that the mules which he employed to carry his baggage, became suddenly so weak and exhausted that they could hardly walk, even when the burden was removed from their backs. They staggered as they moved; their respiration was panting and difficult, and seemingly attended with painful sensations of the chest, as they uttered plaintive and distressing cries.

† It may also be observed, that Aëronauts have generally mentioned drowsiness as one of the consequences produced by the attenuated atmosphere of the exalted regions which they explore in their excursive flights, and some have even declared that they *slept soundly*, when at the utmost pitch of their perilous adventures.

It is clearly ascertained that *respiration* supports animal life, and *all its actions*. This process requires the presence of two principles. These are oxygen and combustible matter. The former is supplied chiefly through the medium of the lungs, and the latter by the stomach. Of the vital actions, none seems to be more immediately dependent and strikingly regulated by respiration than the *muscular*. It is not, however, my design to dwell on the relation between them. It is sufficient for my purpose, to remark, that during exercise a greater quantity of oxygen is extracted from the atmosphere by the lungs, and that carbonic acid, and water are formed, and caloric evolved in corresponding proportions. Hence it may be deduced, that during muscular exertion, there *is a greater demand for oxygen*, and a larger consumption of *combustible matter*. It also follows, if the preceding premises be admitted, as a legitimate corollary, that the same effect would be produced, namely, an exhaustion of the muscular vigour, by withholding the one or the other of these agents. In either case, fatigue will be caused, and the body rendered incapable of muscular exertion. But the incapacity in the two cases arises from different states of the system, and will be distinguished by different appearances, and removed by different methods of treatment.

Limited exercise in an atmosphere of sufficient density slowly deprives the body of its proper quantity of combustible matter until fatigue is finally induced. The body is afterwards gradually recruited by rest and food, or, directly restored to momentary strength by the use of spirituous liquors, which are pure combustible matter mixed with water.

But, in the elevated regions of the atmosphere where there is a deficiency of oxygen, the fatigue which comes on, is of an opposite kind. It arises from an *over proportion of combustible matter*, and a *want of oxygen*. Here, of courses, it is alleviated by rest, and deep inspirations, and exacerbated by exercise, and spirituous liquors.

It is *suddenly* induced, because, the pulmonary system is so contrived that the body at no instant, receives more oxygen than what at the instant, it requires.‡

‡ We are instructed by experiments that animals placed in a vessel filled with oxygen, and respiring the gas in a state of purity, do not consume more

It is *speedily* removed, because, by the deep inspirations the necessary quantity of oxygen is conveyed into the system.

It is accompanied by *sickness* of *stomach*, and *loathing* of *food*, because, *digestion* like *exercise* demands a *copious supply* of *oxygen.**

It is attended by *excessive thirst*, because, in a *rare atmosphere*, there will, of necessity, be a *profuse evaporation* from the surface of the body.

The *pulsations* of the *heart* are more *numerous*, because they are performed *less vigorously*.

Not altogether dissimilar in its nature, or origin, though milder in its symptoms, and slower in its occurrence, i, the fatigue occasioned by immoderate exercise under the ordinary constitution of the atmosphere. In this case, we observe an increased frequency of the pulse, and of respiration, &c. &c. The cure, likewise is by rest. Cold water is found more refreshing than spirituous liquors.

There is another phenomenon connected with the present subject which deserves to be noticed. I allude to the propensity to sleep which has already been remarked. This too, can only be explained by ascribing it to a *deficiency* of *oxygen*.

Sleep, is a suspension to all, or a majority of the operations of the mind. We have not, it is true, in our possession any direct evidence to prove that the efforts of the intellect, like those of the body exact a fixed, and determinate quantity of oxygen. We had, indeed, the promise of some experiments to ascertain it by Lavoisier in an essay, where after indicating the expenditure of vital air by muscular exercise, he undertakes to show by calculation, " the quan-

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of it than when combined with an irrespirable gas. Thus it takes an animal nearly four times as long to consume the same quantity of oxygen as atmospheric air. *Richerand's Physiology.*

* There are many facts to prove that oxygen is a principal agent in digestion and assimilation. The quantity employed in these processes seems, in some degree, to be regulated by the kind of food used. An animal diet consumes more than a vegetable one. Mr. Spalding found that when he lived upon animal food, and drank spirituous liquors, he expended the oxygenous portion of the atmosphere in his diving bell, in a much shorter time than when he subsisted on vegetable matter and water. Dr. Beddoes has also furnished some curious facts which go to establish the same conclusion.

tity of mechanical labour exerted by the philosopher who *reflects*, by the man of letters who *writes*, or the musician who *composes!*" These operations, he adds, though intellectual, have a certain dependance on the physical and material part of man, which renders them susceptible of comparison with the labours of the mechanic.

Whether these views be as just, as they are brilliant, I shall not pretend to decide. But, though we may never be competent to determine with much accuracy the quantity of oxygen consumed by the operations of the mind, yet, that it is essentially necessary to the exertion of the intellectual faculties is distinctly demonstrated.

With respect to the influence of a subtraction of oxygen in the production of sleep, a few facts will be sufficient to attest it.

In the first place, we know, that the primary operation of all the *irrespirable* gases, and *these* contain *no oxygen*, is productive of heaviness and sleep.

Sleep is apt, moreover, to occur during the process of digestion, when the oxygen of the system is employed, in a considerable degree, in the assimilation of aliment, and the elaboration of chyle, or, if the disposition to sleep be counteracted, the senses, at least, become more dull, and the understanding less acute and energetic.

The production of sleep is favoured too, as has been proved, by external warmth, which lessens the supply of oxygen.

It is, from the combination of these causes, that among the inhabitants of hot climates, the custom of sleeping during the day, and especially after eating, universally prevails.

I have purposely avoided details in this inquiry that I might not be led into prolixity.

I may, however, in a subsequent essay dilate many parts of it with illustrations, which at present, appear in the nakedness and obscurity of insulated propositions.

CHYMISTRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Nothing is more flattering to the mind of a philosopher than to observe an increasing respect for those branches of science to which he is himself partial. The chymist has therefore observed with pleasure and pride, that the favourite objects of his pursuit, which

formerly were too much despised and neglected, have of late years attracted great attention.

When the labours of chymists were directed exclusively to the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, and the Universal Solvent, the obloquy heaped upon them was justly merited by the sordid and visionary temper of those whose lives were spent over the crucible and furnace. The more liberal views of modern experimenters have rescued this branch of philosophy from reproaches it never deserved, and raised it to a conspicuous rank among the sciences. In doing this they have conferred on the world, benefits, the most important. Agriculture has been improved; the arts have flourished; and medicine has been enriched by a variety of the most active and useful remedies.

The objects of investigation to the chymist, are innumerable, and the interest they excite, can only be judged of by the zeal of his inquiries. There is as much wisdom displayed in the formation of an atom, as in the creation of a world; as much ingenuity therefore is required to unfold its properties and the laws by which it is governed. The period has arrived when the study of chymistry is no longer a reproach. It is even considered an important branch of education. An institution has been founded in London in which lectures are delivered on the interesting parts of chymistry to crowded audiences of the most respectable nobility and gentry in the British dominions.* In our own country we may hail the commencement of a taste for similar studies. Already Chymistry is taught in most of our respectable colleges, and in many private seminaries of learning; and discoveries have been made which could only have been expected from the zeal and industry of veterans in science.

One of the most interesting subjects of chymical investigation is Heat, it is one of the first objects of attention to a student of chymistry, he finds it present in all his operations; it influences all their results. One would imagine that an agent, so universally extended throughout creation, would be familiar to the whole human race, and yet we are informed that the inhabitants of the Marian island, were not acquainted with its effects till the invasion of the Spaniards. They considered fire as a malevolent being, sent to annoy them.

* The Royal Institution, Albemarle-street.

The important uses of heat, and the means of procuring it for common purposes are well understood; but it has long been a desideratum to condense the quantity of heat, so as to procure from it all the effects it is capable of producing; for this purpose convex lenses and concave mirrors, of an immense magnitude, have been constructed, to collect the solar rays; furnaces of various forms have been built; bellows have been added to supply a current of air. These measures are useful in various operations; but to an American belongs the honour of having constructed an apparatus from which the most astonishing effects are to be derived, and a degree of heat produced, unknown to preceding experimenters.

When we reflect how few of our literary gentlemen have been employed in chymical research, it must be regarded as an honourable trophy for American genius to have achieved this object. I shall proceed to notice the discovery alluded to, after premising a short summary of the theory of combustion.

Our atmosphere is composed chiefly of two distinct kinds of air. One hundred parts of it contain about seventy-two of *air* called *azotic*, and twenty-eight of *pure air*, called also *vital air*, *fire air*, &c. This pure air is itself a compound body consisting of an immense quantity of heat (in a latent state *) and a certain base called oxygen. Combustion consists in the separation of these two substances, by exposing to them a third, as burning charcoal, in this case, the *oxygen* or base of pure air will unite with the coal, while the heat will be disengaged. The flame of the lamp which enables me to state this truth, is supported in this manner. The blaze upon my hearth exhibits a brilliant specimen of the experiment. How many thousands are there, who burn whole forests of hickory, without comprehending the process of nature by which it is effected! But to return to my subject. There exist in nature an immense variety of inflammable substances, capable of separating the heat from pure air. Mr. Robert Hare, junr. of this city, selected from among them two, inflammable air, and charcoal. He contrived a machine, capable of containing, in two separate com-

* To explain what is meant by latent heat, I may just observe that two substances may be precisely equal in temperature, that is, may each raise the thermometer to the same degree, and yet one shall contain twice as much absolute, or latent heat as the other, which may be proved by decomposing it. See Black, Crawford, &c.

partments, a quantity of pure and inflammable airs. These were freed from all foreign mixture, and by the descent of water into the compartments, a steady constant stream of air was forced through two tubes passing from each compartment. A piece of lighted coal, was placed at the point where the air from the tubes issued by a common orifice. At this point the heat is intense and capable of producing the most astonishing effects.

Previously to the invention of this instrument, all the pure earths were considered as infusible, excepting pure clay, which was imperfectly fused by the celebrated Lavoisier. By means of the apparatus we have described, alumine, barytes, strontites, and silex were all found to be fusible *perfectly*, and lime and magnesia, imperfectly.

Among the metals, platinum (which has only been obtained in purity since this discovery) and also gold and silver, were not only melted, but absolutely *boiled* and *evaporated*, when exposed to the heat of the compound blow-pipe.

Platinum in its native, impure, granular form, is less refractory, but had never been fused in a furnace, unless by Mr. Butland, an ingenious artist of this city, by whom it was subjected to the combustion of a species of coal found on the banks of the Lehigh, which may from this circumstance be supposed to produce a greater heat than any coal employed in Europe. Mr. Butland deserves much credit for discovering this fact in regard to a fossil in the vicinity of Philadelphia, which will probably become at some period very useful. Certain pure specimens of platinum, which Mr. Cloud of the mint had procured, by his metallurgic skill, could not be in the least affected by the heat of Mr. Butland's furnace, they were however readily fused and volatilized by the compound blow-pipe. Some of the specimens fused by Mr. Hare, at the request of Mr. Cloud, are preserved by this gentleman, and are found to be unusually ductile; he has preserved them in laminae of great beauty.

The apparatus we have noticed is described in a memoir published in 1802, by order of the Chymical Society of this city, and republished in the Philosophical Magazine of London, and in the Annales de Chimie at Paris. Some alterations have been made in it of late by Mr. Cloud, and the apparatus is exhibited at Peale's

Museum, thus altered. He has omitted some parts of it, useless in his experiments, but has not improved it, or augmented its powers.

As I regard this invention of Mr. Hare as one of the most important chymical discoveries which has been made in America, and highly deserving of the most honourable mention, I have perhaps dwelt on it longer than was necessary.

The effects of heat are so constantly before us that we cease to notice them. It is the presence or absence of heat that decides the mode of existence of all bodies in nature. Are they solid? increase their temperature and they melt. Are they liquid? heat will dissipate them into vapour. These three states, solid, liquid, and aeriform, are assumed by certain substances which we daily notice. The condensation of clouds of vapour into rain, hail, and snow, affords an instance. Mercury may be exhibited as a solid, by reducing its temperature, and as a vapour by raising it. In short, we need no longer ridicule the idea of the possibility of discovering a universal solvent. *Heat is the Alkahest.* This we prove by all its known effects, and we can easily believe, the prediction, that, " the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

PARACELSUS.

MISCELLANY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man.—DR. YOUNG.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am one of those who have held an opinion that the Spaniards are an idle, slow, luxurious, and debased people, as deficient in energy as in courage; but having corrected some of my errors on this, as on other subjects relating to Spain and its in-

habitants, by a better acquaintance with Spanish History, and the works of the most liberal French and English travellers through Spain, I will, with your permission, occasionally occupy a few of your pages, with such extracts and original observations, as, I trust, will prove amusing to many of your readers, and, perhaps, disperse a few of those prejudices on this subject which have long prevailed in Europe and America. I will not attempt to enter into the region of politics, but leave the question, whether Spain is, in future, to be ruled by the Bourbon or the Napoleon dynasty, to quidnuncs and politicians; and content myself with merely attempting to serve up an "*Olla Podrida*" for the entertainment of your friends. Like this favourite dish of the Spaniards, I will endeavour to have mine composed of the "choicest parts of the most nutritious viands;" and, if I fail to give satisfaction, it will not be for want of materials, but through unskilfulness in the preparation of them, and inability to suit them to every taste.

"OLLA PODRIDA."

Idleness and slowness of the Spaniards.

The Chevalier de Bourgoanne, an enlightened French traveller, a close observer of men and manners and an elegant scholar, who visited Spain in the year 1782, and was a long time secretary to the French embassy at that court, speaking of the idleness, and inactivity with which the Spaniards are generally reproached, observes—"If I have not quite absolved them from their idleness I have taken the liberty to assert, that it was the consequence of transient circumstances, and will disappear with them. In fact, when we witness the activity which appears upon the coast of Catalonia, throughout the whole kingdom of Valencia, in the mountains of Biscay, and in all places where industry is encouraged, and commodities have an easy and certain sale; when on the other hand, we observe the laborious life of the muleteers and calessieros, who courageously conduct their mules and carriages throughout the whole country by the most dangerous roads; the husbandmen who, in the plains of La Mancha and

Andalusia, harden themselves to the labours of the fields, which the nature of the soil, the distance of their habitations, and the heat of the most burning climate in Europe, render more painful than in other countries; when we consider the number of Galicians and Asturians who, like our Auvergnians, and Limousins, seek at a distance the slow and painful means of subsistance; when we perceive the idleness with which the Spaniards are so much reproached, is circumscribed within the boundaries of the two Castiles, that is, the part of Spain the most unprovided with roads, canals, and navigable rivers; it is but just, to conclude, that this vice is not an indelible stain upon the Spanish nation; that it is only the result of the transient nature of things, and that a government active and enlightened might find means entirely to eradicate it."

There is another defect which has much affinity to idleness, at least it manifests itself by much the same symptoms; which is slowness; and from this it would be more difficult to exculpate the Spaniards. It must be allowed, that knowledge penetrates but slowly into Spain. In political measures, war, and all the operations of government; nay, even in the common occurrences of life, when other nations act, they deliberate. Mistrustful and circumspect, they fail in as many affairs by slowness, as others by precipitation. This is the more extrordinary, as their lively imagination should seem of a nature to be irritated by delay. But in nations, as in individuals, there is not a single quality which is not frequently modified by a contrary one, and in the struggle, the triumph is always on the side to which the mind is most forcibly disposed by the circumstance of the moment. The Spaniard naturally cold and deliberate when nothing extraordinary moves him, is inflamed to enthusiasm, when his haughtiness, resentment, or any of the passions which compose his character are awakened either by insult or opposition. Hence it is, that the Spanish nation, apparently the most grave, cold, and slow in Europe, sometimes becomes one of the most violent when circumstances deprive it of its habitual calm and deliver it up to the empire of the imagination. The most dangerous animals are not those which are in the most continued agitation. The aspect of the lion is grave as his pace; his motions are not

without an object; his roarings not in vain. As long as his inaction is undisturbed he loves peace and silence, but if he be provoked, he shakes his mane; fire sparkles in his eyes; he roars tremendously, and the king of animals appears.

It is this combination of slowness and violence which, perhaps, constitutes the most formidable courage; and such seems to me to be that of the Spaniards.

"*Our Lady of the Pillar.*"

It will be remembered, that in the late action between the French and Spaniards, before Zaragoza, the Spanish army was preceded by "Our Lady of the Pillar," whom the Zaragozians invoked to crown their efforts with victory. Why she should be invoked by the Zaragozians in particular, and who she is, is, perhaps, little known on this side the Atlantic. The fact is, most towns in Spain have their favourite saint, and the Virgin Mary, under the appellation of our "*Lady of the Pillar*" is the Patron Saint of Zaragoza. In this town there is a lofty and magnificent cathedral, dedicated to her, called *El Pilar*. In the centre of this cathedral is an edifice, which is strikingly beautiful. The principal front is a chapel of our "Lady of the Pillar," who is said to have appeared upon this very Pillar to St. James, and afterwards gave to him the image which is worshipped at her altar. Over this, there is a dome corresponding to the great dome under which it stands, serving by way of canopy to the image of the Virgin. The three other fronts of this elegant tabernacle are in like manner chapels. In the different compartments are historical paintings by the celebrated Bayen. The wealth of this cathedral is inestimable, in silver, gold, precious stones, and rich embroidery, sent by all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe to deck its priests and adorn its altars. Many of these presents being modern, are worthy of attention for their elegance, as well as for the value of their pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. In a word, whatever wealth could command, or human art could execute, has been collected to excite the admiration of all who view the treasures of this church.

Sword Blades of Toledo.

These blades have long been famous throughout Europe. The steel is excellent, and so perfectly tempered that in thrusting at a target the swords will bend like whalebone, and yet cut through a helmet without turning their edge. This manufacture was a long time neglected, but was revived in 1786. Virgil says,

At Chalybis nudi ferrum, &c.
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Georg. 1, 58.

Diod. Sic. says, the Celtiberians give such temper to their steel that no helmet can resist their stroke.

Roads of Spain.

There are few countries in a civilized state that contain so few good roads as Spain. The Count Florida Blanca during his ministry was particularly attentive to this subject. Biscay and Navarre, owing to him, now boast a few good roads, but this minister was more attentive to improve and complete the principal road which entirely crosses Spain from Bayonne to Cadiz, passing by Madrid. Until his time the advantage was unknown of travelling in a post-chaise the hundred leagues which separate these two cities. The few roads and canals Spain does possess, she owes to the sovereigns of the house of Bourbon.

The following itinerary of the principal great roads from Madrid to the chief towns of the provinces, will be found very convenient by all persons reading the newspapers of the day. Many of the distances are stated from actual admeasurement; others are taken from the computed leagues of the country as estimated for the march of soldiers, or hire of travelling horses; some of which have been corrected from the observations of the late M. Mechain, in his trigonometrical survey of Spain, in which he was employed, as well as in measuring a degree of the meridian in that country sometime in 1805. But as the country is very mountainous, and consequently the roads very crooked, no geometrical survey of the distances between the chief towns, as deduced from maps, can deserve the least attention; on the contrary, there are many places where the linear distances and the ac-

tual length of the carriage roads differ one fourth. It is to be observed, that the nominal or common league of Spain is not less than four English miles, and that frequently the distance between villages estimated at a league, varies from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

Badajos.																							
165	Barcelona.																						
93	100	Burgos.																					
60	177	154	Cadiz.																				
47	131	118	39	Cordova.																			
67	138	122	52	20	Granada.																		
61	120	108	56	14	14	Jaen.																	
83	134	32	135	98	110	96	Leon.																
63	102	54	102	64	68	54	55	Madrid.															
97	88	112	98	50	50	38	114	59	Murcia.														
110	158	56	161	124	136	122	26	82	139	Oviedo.													
123	67	38	160	124	120	112	60	60	102	86	Pamplona.												
120	176	89	181	140	160	140	58	106	159	56	123	Santiago.											
37	150	140	23	22	35	32	112	88	68	138	148	156	Seville.										
51	114	66	88	50	54	41	68	12	53	92	72	112	76	Toledo.									
110	55	86	120	74	73	64	107	51	32	133	72	157	99	59	Valencia.								
113	52	52	134	100	105	92	85	50	80	111	27	125	125	62	45	Zaragoza.							

This table represents the number of leagues between all the capital towns of the provinces, or, as they are usually called, kingdoms, and the metropolis or court of Spain, MADRID. If it is

desired to know the distance between Badajos and Madrid, the angle of the column under the former, and immediately opposite the latter, gives 63 leagues, or 252 English miles: if from Badajos to Zaragoza, we find 113 leagues or 452 English miles: and so with all the others.

N. B The distances in this table are taken on the carriage roads, and not the bridle roads, which are shorter, more mountainous, and generally impassable to any thing but asses, mules, sheep or black cattle.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Gloster. Now Sir, what are you?
Edgar. A most poor man made tame to Fortune's blows;
Who by the art of knowing and feeling sorrow,
Am pregnant to good pity.

KING LEAR.

By the celebrated Adam Smith, sympathy has been supposed to exist in a power of the imagination, whereby we place ourselves in the situation of any object which may excite a sympathetic sensation of joy or sorrow. Undoubtedly this power of the imagination, is necessary to the excitement of sympathy; for without bringing home the situation of another to ourselves, we can form no conception of his sensations, and we cannot be influenced by that which we cannot conceive. Hence the sentimental pangs which frequently torture minds of susceptibility and refinement, are the subject of ridicule with those whose coarser organization or habitudes, does not allow of the conception of such sources of pain.

Hence likewise the cruelty so often exhibited to lovers, by women who are wanting in capacity to conceive, or in the experience which should teach them the pangs of unrequited love. By Shakspeare this is very strikingly elucidated in the cruelty of Phebe to Silvius, previously to her passion for Rosalind, and her

subsequent compassion when she herself had felt the "wounds invisible," "That love's keen arrows make."*

* *Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if my eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

But when Rosalind had excited in Phebe similar pangs, to those which the latter had previously ridiculed in Silvius—mark how changed her style:

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius!
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

The power of the imagination abovementioned, is therefore, as I have already admitted, indispensable to sympathy; being the only medium through which we can form any conception of the sensations of others, and consequently the only one through which they can excite emotion in ourselves; but it does not appear sufficiently to explain, why a conception of the existence of certain feelings in another, should awaken emotion in us. Were the explanation afforded by the illustrious author whom I have quoted, correct, the strength of our sympathetic sensations, would be proportionate to the strength of our fancy, and the degree of our internal susceptibility to pain or pleasure; because the latter would give us the highest idea of the influence of pleasurable or painful causes, and the former would enable us more completely to change places with the object calling forth our sympathy. But this is in great measure contrary to truth; for men who are equally susceptible of corporal torture, and who have equally vivid conceptions of the sufferings of such as are exposed to them, experience the sentiment of commiseration in a very different degree: nor do we find people of the most powerful fancy, those who suffer most by sympathy. Such persons are often almost devoid of this amiable principle, in its more serious forms. Poets are quite as susceptible of homefelt evil as other men; and are certainly endowed with superior powers of fancy; yet they are not found to be peculiarly open to the calls of sympathy. The spectators of distress, after expressing their strong sense of its evils, very often finish with a self-felicitation that their fate is different; and appear to be only affected by the satisfaction thus awakened. Yet they must have gone through that process of the imagination, which would be productive of sympathy according to the theory I have quoted. It is probably by the sentiment of self-felicitation just called into view, that the multitude are so strongly attracted to behold public executions, when the truly sympathetic avoid them with horror, as scenes which sympathy must feel but cannot relieve.

As an elucidation of his hypothesis, it is observed by our author, that an imaginary uneasiness is often excited in the corresponding limbs of a spectator, by the local evils which vagrants expose to excite compassion. But this I consider as a morbid in-

fluence of the fancy, or a species of physical sympathy, which is not always productive of the moral sentiment. The presence of this I conceive to be invariably indicated by compassion, and a disposition to afford relief: but persons most liable to the fantasies thus excited by objects in distress, are not always the most ready to succour them. Disgust, aversion or horror, are often the only effect of these whimsical conceits: while those who have stronger minds, and better hearts, without any of this morbid stimulus, but instigated by a genuine impulse of moral sympathy, far from abandoning the wretched, hasten to communicate comfort, consolation, or relief.

Agreeably to the theory I have cited, the pains or pleasures of sympathy, would have some resemblance to those of the object by which they are produced; whereas they are in general widely different. The one is often a physical sensation, the other is invariably a moral sentiment. So far as we merely commute in imagination our situation for that of an object in distress, our sensations can only be a very feeble and inadequate imitation of his, and must widely differ from that oppressive sensation which hangs upon the bosom of sympathy, and which is very little varied by the nature of the misfortune which excites it, excepting as to its force. In this respect it may, and often does exceed the pangs of the sufferer.

In elucidation of this critique, I trust to be excused, if I again cite a fictitious picture from the Prince of Dramatic Poets. With me his copies have all the authority of the original. If not nature, they are prototypes of nature, which can never be equalled by delineations of real events, until we shall have a Shakspeare to record them. On these grounds I venture to make him my standard of authority, conscious that if in calling up fiction in support of truth, I offend against philosophy, I shall find an apology in the taste, if not in the reason of my readers.

I beg leave to call into view that scene in the tragedy of King Lear, where the virtuous and venerable Gloster degraded from the fortune, rank and power in which he had been nurtured, is pinioned by ruffians, and Cornwall having already exterminated one of his eyes, is about to pluck out the other. A situation more calculated to excite sympathy, can hardly be imagined.

The good old man, a victim to filial ingratitude and treachery, is to spend the evening of his life, "all dark and comfortless" forever deprived of the cheering rays of the sun.

A humble retainer, overcome by sympathy, draws his sword singly to oppose the completion of the cruel design; and after inflicting on his master a wound which soon after proves mortal, dies by a thrust in his back implanted by the infuriate Regan. There can be no doubt, but that the noble impulse, the power of which is in this passage so well represented by Shakspeare, must have been excited by that interchange of situation, with the venerable victim, which the appeal of the latter was so well calculated to excite.

> "He, that will think to live till he be old,
> "Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!"

It is a query naturally arising in the mind, What would be my suffering under these horrid circumstances? But the conception thus arising was only a spark which kindles, but does not constitute that noble sentiment which he soon after gratifies at the expense of life. When, with sword in hand, he rushes upon the oppressor of virtue and wretched old age, he no longer imagines himself in the place of the miserable victim; it is not by a feeble imaginary imitation of the sensations of blindness, or the torture of losing an eye, that he is propelled; it is by a nobler flame which Fancy had merely served to enkindle. He was probably

> "A most poor man, made tame to Fortune's blows;
> "Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,"
> Was "pregnant to good pity."

Upon the considerations thus stated, I think that we may conclude that the degree in which we sympathize with the pleasures or pains of others, is not merely dependent on an imaginary interchange of situation, but on the degree in which we are capacitated to feel the conception thus originated, not physically, but morally, not corporally, but in our hearts or souls. It is this capacity or property in the soul of man, which I would designate by the term sympathy, which in its origin is to be considered equally occult with the principle of vitality, or the attraction between the sun and revolving planets, and only to be treated as a

primary, instinctive, and inscrutable qualification, in the soul of man, implanted for the most happy and obvious purposes, by a direct law of the Creator. ANALYTICUS.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. I.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I have often been struck by the different value which men annex to their own literary productions, and to those of others. It is not simply that the fame and success of our own performance is dear to us, that we wish it to be read, studied and admired for the sake of being extolled or revered by others, as the authors of so much eloquence or wisdom. We feel unspeakable complacency and satisfaction in the survey of the work; review it frequently and with new pleasure, and when it has been laid aside or disappeared so long as to be nearly forgotten, we fasten upon in anew with the utmost eagerness, and give it a dozen successive readings without satiety or weariness.

This fondness for our own productions does not always originate in vanity. It does not argue any defect of judgment or taste, because he that feels it may display uncommon discernment in estimating the merit of other writers. While he reads with the utmost approbation, his own work, he is, frequently, so free from vanity as either not to desire or expect the applause of others. He may clearly perceive and unaffectedly acknowledge the superior merit of others, yet he reads no work with so much satisfaction, or so frequently as his own.

When he commences his career, and before he is enlightened by experience, he may possibly imagine that every reader will find as many charms in his performance as he has found; that his paper will be taken up by all with the same eagerness and laid down with the same reluctance as he experiences. This error will, however, have had a very short reign. He will see his essay taken up with an air of immoveable vacancy, and the leaves turned over carlessly, or with impatience. The stranger will run his eye through this page, dip into a single paragraph of another, catch up a single sentence from a third, and then, laying it aside, return to ordinary business or foreign conversa-

tion, with as much tranquillity as if the essay had never been indited.

If I send my book to a friend, and request him earnestly to read it, and afterwards meet him with a view to know his opinion of the work, I shall probably be gratified with a high strain of applause. He will assure me that he has carefully perused it, and immediately proceed to comment upon it in such a manner as to prove that he has read no more than a dozen sentences picked out at random, as he hastily turned over the leaves. Some men, on such occasions, will immediately begin to carp, cavil, and blame the writer for omitting facts, which, nevertheless, he had carefully inserted, only they did not lie in that part of the volume which happened to open to his view.

A popular poet relates that one of his friends expressed great anxiety to obtain a sight of a new work of his, just then publishing. Accordingly he took some pains, and went to some expense to gratify so laudable and flattering a curiosity. Having procured a copy, he hastened with it to his friend, and, not finding him at home, left the precious volume on his table. They met some weeks afterwards, and the critic began to upbraid the poet for not complying with his request. An explanation ensuing, it appeared that the new book had lain, during this interval not unseen, but unopened on the table. "Truly" says the critic, "I heard you were at my chamber, but it never occurred to me that you had left the book; for which I am sorry, as it was but yesterday that I suffered Betsy to take it: she complained so grievously of wanting paper to put up her hair with." The poet's mortification was heightened by having filled a blank leaf with an epigrammatic dedication to his friend, which he intended as a prodigy, not only of wit, but of penmanship. The volume was forthwith reclaimed from the toilet, but the epigram and one of his choicest episodes, had descended from the lady's brows to some receptacle of dust and ashes, from which they were irrecoverable.

Poor Mickle was greatly mortified on finding a copy of his translation of the Lusiad, some years after its publication, with the leaves uncut on the hall window of the nobleman, to whom he had dedicated it.

A few instances of this kind, speedily correct the erroneous notions of an author, as to the light in which his works will be viewed by other eyes than his own. Yet this inattention is no proof of demerit in a work. It merely proves that every man must take more delight in his own offspring, whether corporeal or intellectual, than others will be capable of taking. Its merit, in his own eyes, may even fall short of that of other people's literary progeny: yet he will meditate it with more complacency and eagerness. Hence it happens that no work ever gave any reader as much pleasure as it gave the author. His perception of its merits is far more lively and exquisite than that of the most eager and enthusiastic of his votaries.

When I read a good poem my imagination always suggests the delight which the author must have derived from the composition and perusal of it: a delight compared to which all my emotions must be cold and feeble. When I light upon a weak, silly and dull performance, I console myself with reflecting that there is, or has been at least one person in the world to whom the reading has imparted not merely satisfaction, but rapture; and that is the author himself.

It may be thought that the voice of public approbation must tend greatly to heighten and prolong the pleasure of the author, no doubt this effect is sometimes produced, but when he comes to compare the impressions made upon the public, with those made upon his own mind: when he examines the kind and degree of the public approbation, he is more frequently displeased and mortified, than flattered or elated by the praise of his readers, since he finds it so unlike, or disproportionate to his own feelings.

To talk of the feelings of authors, however, seems to be very impertinent on this occasion. The topic can excite interest in none, or even be understood by none but writers themselves, and that number is extremely small. As to regular books, there are not twenty published in a year, throughout this extensive country. Newspapers, indeed abound, and many a stripling is tempted to write by the facility which newspapers afford of publishing his lucubrations. As all these have the feelings, the hopes, and apprehensions of the most bulky and ponderous au-

thors, perhaps I have been too hasty in imagining that the topic can come home to the bosoms, and have connexion with the business of few. It is probable, indeed, that in no civilized nation are books of home manufacture so rare, and authors at the same time so numerous. Each of our two hundred newspapers has several diurnal authors in its service. In some cases they amount to some scores, and perhaps it is no immoderate estimate that in America, two thousand persons are in the constant habit of writing and publishing their sentiments.

Some of these writers, though they never publish volumes, are yet infinitely copious. I could name several, who, in the course of ten years, have written and published much more than Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, or Voltaire. Their productions indeed are not precisely of the same value and durability with those of these noted personages. They may boast, however, of having many more contemporary readers and implicit followers, than either of those great names, and if their fame be of short date, yet they may derive comfort from reflecting that it is very wide and very noisy while it lasts.

With regard to my own literary history, it is not necessary to be very communicative. I will only mention that my own experience supplies me with very cogent proofs of the difference between an author's feelings and his reader's. I was always fond of scribbling, but though I always thought it necessary to bestow this name upon my own productions, I confess I was not quite willing that other people should follow my example in this particular. I never desired, and, for a long time, was far from expecting to have the name I bestowed upon my own labours, echoed and sanctioned by others. Custom, which reconciles the prisoner to the air of his dungeon and the weight of his fetters, which makes infamy an easy burthen, and pain a tolerable companion, will reconcile an author to the name of Scribbler. He will not only listen with tranquillity to a sound, at first so opprobrious, but he will in time come cheerfully to answer to it, as to his proper name. Things, I confess, have come to such a pass with me, that I shall, henceforth, inscribe the word upon all the lucubrations which I have an opportunity of giving to the world.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
"O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste,
"To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
"And chase the varying falsehood as it flies,
"The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
"And drag reluctant Dulness back to day."

—

The COLUMBIAD, *a Poem, by* JOEL BARLOW,—*Philadelphia, C. & A. Conrad and Co. Quarto, pp.* 470. *Printed by Fry and Kammerer.*

A quarto epic poem—polished by twenty years labour—issuing in all the pomp of typographical elegance from an American press—the author an American—the theme, the history of our own country! What an era in our literature! What an epoch in the history of our arts! What a subject for the reviewer.

Employed, as the critic in this country has long been, in hunting down party pamphlets and boarding-school novels, fast-day sermons, and "such small deer," it is with proud satisfaction that he at length sees his field enlarged—his subjects rise in dignity and importance. As some young knight of Arthur's court, who, through lack of fair achievement, yet bore his shield unblazoned and his spurs ungilt, after many a tedious hour of journey, at length espied some Paynim castle huge and rude, with "donjon high where captives wail," and every promise of adventure meet for knightly prowess, even so, gentle reader, with such feelings does the critic now gaze on the splendid volume before him. Proudly he turns from the detection of vulgar imposture and the ridicule of wild absurdity to meet his nobler task.

The subject of the Columbiad is national and patriotic. It was Mr. Barlow's early ambition to raise the epic song of his nation—to select from her annals the most brilliant portions of American history—to wreath them into one chaplet of immortal verse, and present the splendid offering with filial reverence to the genius of his country. Mr. B. readily perceived that "most of the events of the revolution were so recent, so important, and so well known as to render them inflexible to the hand of fiction.

"The poem, therefore, could not be modelled after that regular epic form which the more splendid works of this kind have taken, and on which their success is supposed in a great measure to depend. The attempt would have been highly injudicious; it must have diminished and debased a series of actions which were really great in themselves, and could not be disfigured without losing their interest."

Hence it became necessary for the poet to look around for some interesting tale of history or fiction which might give unity and effect to the mass of unconnected facts, and thus (to borrow an image of Dr. Darwin) form a festoon of roses connecting together his series of miniature history pieces. How Mr. B. has succeeded in this part of his work, may be best judged by a slight sketch of the plot, incident and dialogue of his poem.

The poem opens with an invocation to Freedom, brief, vigorous and elegant. Columbus is then discovered in a dungeon, into which he had been thrown by the "cold-hearted Ferdinand," where he lies lone, feverish and dejected. His "deep-felt sorrows burst from his breast" in a long lamentation over his sad fate, rather heavy and unnatural. While the hapless man is thus venting his grief,

> —a thundering sound
> Rolled thro the shuddering walls and shook the ground:
> Oer all the dungeon where black arches bend,
> The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend:
> The growing splendor fills the astonisht room,
> And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.
> Robed in the radiance, moves a form serene,
> Of human structure, but of heavenly mien.
> Tall rose his stature, Youth's endearing grace
> Adorned his limbs and brightened in his face.
> Loose oer his locks the stars of evening hung,
> And sounds melodious issued from his tongue.

This celestial visitor announces himself as Hesper, the guardian genius of the western hemisphere. After administering some consolation to the dejected mariner, he leads him forth to the *mount of vision*. Europe gradually recedes from their view, and the continent of America rises into sight; of the natural appearance of which in its uncultivated state, a kind of poetical birds-eye view is given.

Columbus, struck with the appearance of the natives of this noble territory, puts some philosophical queries to his celestial friend, touching the dissimilarity of the human race in different climates; to which Hesper replies with a very ingenious theory and some commonplace declamation. Mexico, Cusco and Quito now rise in gorgeous perspective. This leads to an account of the founders of the Peruvian empire, which is followed by a long tale of the exploits of the Inca, Capac, and his son Rocha, not very interesting and certainly not much to the purpose.

All Europe now appears in vision. Ximenes, Wolsey, the Medici, Erasmus Luther, the Reformers, Loyola, the fury INQUISITION, and Sir Walter Raleigh successively stalk over the stage. The discoverers of America are seen setting out on their expeditions. Hesper gives a view of the colonial system and its effects on liberty and morals. Lord Delaware arrives—is received by the river-gods, one of whom salutes him with a prophetic speech. The country is rapidly cleared and settled; and a new scene of action opens. Canada, Braddock, Amherst, Wolfe, the first Congress. The giant form of the demon War strides across the continent. Then follow in rapid succession, Bunker's hill,—the death of Montgomery,—the loss of New-York, and the whole history of the revolutionary war, in which scarcely any fact or name of note is omitted. The whole of which, together with an episode or two is compressed with admirable dexterity into two books and a half, (about 1600 lines.)

After being thus rapidly whirled along, we are at length permitted to breathe in the eighth book; which opens with a hymn to Peace, and a eulogy of the heroes slain during the war. A long political disquisition which succeeds, is interrupted by Mount Atlas, the guardian power of Africa, roaring across the Atlantic to his brother Hesper a violent invective against slavery and the slave-trade, which he concludes by a tremendous threat of destroying the whole American continent.

Hesper now again rolls back the tide of time, and exhibits his land in its savage state, and then points out its rapid improvement. Fisheries—fur trade—Franklin—Rittenhouse—Godfrey's quadrant—West—Copely—Trumbull—Mrs. Wright's Wax-work—M'Fingal—Dr. Dwight—Col. Humphreys. The vision is suspended. A philosophical conversation ensues, in which the Genius descants

on the origin and progress of society, in the true slang of philosophy. He takes a view of the human mind in its different states of refinement, predicts the gradual but sure advancement of human science and happiness, and the establishment of perpetual peace under a universal federal system. The vision is resumed and the whole earth is exhibited in panorama. Hesper indulges himself in the wildest theories of human perfectibility. Government, Commerce, and Science are exhibited to Columbus in their highest state of perfection. A universal language is attained; and the splendid scene concludes with a view of a general Congress from all nations, assembled to establish the political harmony of mankind.

Such is the plot which Mr. B. proudly asserts to be the best possible of which his subject would admit. Our readers will doubtless perceive from this brief analysis, what the readers of the Columbiad may learn from a much more laborious operation, that the poem, however brilliant in its parts, must necessarily as a whole be devoid of interest.

We look, but look in vain, for that unity of fable, that regular succession of incident and vivid exhibition of varied character, which constitute the most powerful charm of a narrative poem. Mr. Barlow's work is a sort of poetical magic lantern; and while ten thousand gaudy figures dance rapidly along the wall of Columbus's dungeon, the Genius of America kindly officiates as a showman, and informs the spectator that here he may "see Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru," and there

> —— Sage Rittenhouse with ardent eye
> Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;

Yonder you may behold Mrs. Wright making wax-work, and a little farther to the other side,

> Yon meteor-mantled hill see Franklin tread:
> Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;

Presently a map of North America flits before us; and then come Washington and Manco Capac, the river Delaware and lord Cornwallis, the genius of Cruelty, and general Greene. They "come like shadows, so depart," leaving the mind bewildered and the memory confused.

From this radical error in the general design and groundwork of the poem, beside the want of interest, other defects al-

most spontaneously arise. The author has heaped together such an immense, discordant mass of characters, facts, and descriptions—such an Iliad of heroes is crammed into a nutshell, that the space allotted to each compartment must of necessity be very small. Hence the poet is almost necessarily compelled to an exuberant use of allegorical delineation. As his characters have no room to develop themselves by action, he is obliged to decorate his personages with emblematic badges, and to embody their passions and motives into allegorical forms. Thus his sages are presented to your view (as you may see portraits in the window of a print-shop) surrounded by air-pumps and telescopes, piles of books and heaps of chymical apparatus. With the same rage for allegorical personification, Cruelty is seated on the deck of the prison-ship, Inquisition stalks over Spain, and War attended by his whole family, his wife Discord, and his twin daughters Famine and Pestilence, strides across the Atlantic, disgorging from his mouth

> Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns and globes of fire,
> And lighted bombs that fusing trails expire.

In the same taste general Burgoyne is described as

> A warrior, ensigned with a various crown;
> Myrtles and laurels equal honors joined,
> Which arms had purchased and the Muses twin'd;
> His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye,
> Seemed sharing empires in the southern sky.
> Beside him rose a herald to proclaim
> His various honors, titles, feats and fame.

So again, Sir Walter Raleigh—

> High on the tallest deck majestic shone
> Sage Raleigh, pointing to the western sun,
> His eye bent forward, ardent and sublime,
> Seem'd piercing nature, and evolving time.
> Beside him stood a globe whose figure trac'd
> A future empire in each present waste.
> All former works of men behind him shone,
> Trac'd by his hand in ever during stone;
> On his calm brow a various crown displays
> The hero's laurel, and the scholar's bays.

His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,
The bright star burning on his lofty breast.

So too Washington, Cornwallis, Franklin—but to cite every instance that might be given, were to extract half the volume.

Having thus declared our decided disapprobation of the argument of Mr. B's. poem, we do not know whether we are bound by any canon of criticism to furnish him with a better. But as it happens that one occurs at this moment, which to us appears infinitely preferable, we shall even wave our privilege, and present it to the poet. We would advise him to follow where Virgil leads the way. Why might not the whole story of Columbus, like that of Æneas, be worked up into an interesting fable? Surely the voyages and labours of the Genoese mariner would form as good a ground-work as those of the Trojan chief, for a national and historic poem.

The acuteness of the critics of the Warburtonian school can perceive the features of Augustus lurking under those of Æneas. It would require much less ingenuity to shadow forth in the poetic Columbus, the character and actions of the great founder of the American Republic. The patient prudence of Washington, his calmness, his moderation, his various labours in camp and cabinet, might all, in this way, be vividly portrayed. The geography of our country, in the detail of which Mr. B. takes such delight, and which certainly, as we may learn from every page of the Æneid, is susceptible of the most powerful poetic effect, would fall very naturally into the narrative. While his philosophy might be happily introduced in conversations between Columbus and a learned companion, or an Indian sage. If the poet complain that this plot is too contracted for a national poem, Virgil may teach him how to enlarge it. Much may be done by simile and allusion, much by prophecy and digression, and much by means of the celestial machinery, which he might borrow from Dryden, of the guardian angels of states.

Finally, perhaps, the future glories of America might be opened in splendid vision to the hero, and that brilliant story, which is now feebly expanded through ten long books, might shine with condensed lustre in a single canto.

We do not give this argument as the *best possible*, but merely as much better than that of the Columbiad. Perhaps too, as it is but a transcript of that of the Æneid, it might require a Virgil to execute it.

Thus much for the general disposition of the whole. Let us now cast a rapid glance on the execution of the parts. The first thing which strikes the cursory reader is a certain wearisome sameness and dull repetition of favourite phrases and perpetually recurring rhymes. For example, when the poet has decked one of his personages with the emblems of his character or his occupation, and placed him in some theatrical attitude, he invariably gives him an "ardent eye," and places a crown of science or of triumph upon his brow. The same barren lack of invention is stamped upon every part of his geographical description; in which, as we above hinted, he indulges himself beyond all bounds, to the great annoyance of the patient reader. After having travelled through many a heavy couplet,

> From sultry Mobile's gulf-indented shore
> To where Ontario hears his Lawrence roar,

when we have seen proud Maragnon and Paraguay's deep channel, broad Delaware and majestic Hudson, gay Piscataway and swift Kennebec, we begin to wish for repose. But alas! it is in vain. Our indefatigable bard continues to whirl us backward and forward, with the rapidity of a postboy, from "Penn's beauteous town," to imperial Mexic" and "Cusco's shining roofs." At length a total indifference, bordering on disgust, creeps upon us. Even the speeches and conflicts of his river-gods, fail to rouse us from our apathy, and we see,

> New-York ascend o'er Hudson's seaward isles
> And fling the sunbeams from the glittering tiles,
> Albania opening thro the distant wood
> Roll her rich treasures o'er her parent flood,

with much the same feelings with which we read in Dr. Morse's Gazetteer that "Weathersfield is a post-town in Connecticut, five miles south-east from Hartford, adorned with an elegant brick meeting-house, and famous for the beauty of its girls and the savour of its onions."

Next after geography, philosophical declamation seems to be Mr. B.'s favourite employment for his muse. Of the many pages through which he indulges this propensity, some are filled with original and ingenious theories, many with commonplace rant (as Sir Archy M'Sarcasm would say) "varra true and varra novel," and more,—by far the greater part,—with the cant of the Darwinian and Parisian schools. We presume that, at this time of day, few of our readers have much further curiosity on this subject. We will, however, refer them to the disquisition on the causes of the dissimilarity of men in different climates, contained in the beginning of the second book, as exhibiting no unfavourable specimen of our author's powers of reasoning in verse.

Mr. B. appears to have but an imperfect command of the inferior and mechanical arts of poetry. His rhymes are deficient in variety and richness, and often grossly inaccurate; and his versification is sometimes disfigured by the most feeble and prosaic lines, such as these:

> Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,
> Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings, and gods,
> Wage endless wars; not fighting to be free,
> But *cujum pecus* whose base herd they'll be.

And again,

> Wide over earth his annual freshet strays,
> And highland *drench* with lowland *drains* repays.

Many of his most poetical passages are debased by unlucky vulgarisms, or ludicrous minuteness of description. The fiend Cruelty is introduced with very powerful effect, and the personification is supported with great ability till she displays her "slow poisonous drugs, and loads of putrid meat," while

> Disease hangs drizzling from her slimy locks,
> And hot contagion *issues from her box*.

The simile of the archer Tell is marred by a ludicrous alliteration, the arrow flies from the hand of the patriot father, and "*picks* off the *pippin* from the smiling boy." In another passage,

the poet, in the true spirit of the bathos, makes channels to "*tap* the redundant lakes." All this surprises us not a little. In the present state of literature, every writer, if he has matter, is seldom deficient in style; almost every one who rhymes, rhymes with tolerable elegance. That a writer of Mr. Barlow's powers should fail in these minutiæ is singular indeed.

There is a strange incongruity in the versification and style of the Columbiad. Some portions of it seem to be modelled on the manner of Dryden and the fathers of English song; while the rest glitters with all the trick and prettiness of the school of Darwin. All the verses, however, whether of ancient or modern structure, move along with apparent labour and effort. The sense seems to follow the rhyme, not the rhyme the sense. Every couplet appears to have been separately laboured, and then the whole strung together as conveniently as might be. Hence the sense is often broken and disjointed, and we are even sometimes at a loss for the grammatical construction of the sentence. This, however, although the general, is not the universal character of our poet's verses. He occasionally bursts forth in short but vigorous flights, some of which, had they been found in Absalom and Achitophel, would not have dishonoured Dryden in his noblest efforts. Take for instance the following burst of patriotic indignation in his narrative of the expedition against Quebec, headed by the traitor Arnold:

> Ah! gallant troop! deprived of half the praise,
> That deeds like yours in other times repays;
> Since your prime chief (the favourite erst of fame)
> Hath sunk so deep his hateful hideous name,
> That every honest Muse with horror flings
> The name unsounded from her sacred strings;
> Else what high tones of rapture must have told
> The first great actions of a chief so bold,
> 'Twas his, 'twas yours, to brave unusual storms,
> To tame rude nature in its drearest forms, &c.

We cannot dismiss Mr. Barlow as a poet without first taking him to task for some petty offences against the purity of the English language. The first misdemeanor in this way is of New-England origin; we mean the using neuter verbs as actives, and vice versa. Thus "Nature *broods* the mass," for broods over; Columbus

"*sweats* the cold earth," for sweats upon; Egyptian gardens "*grow* the vegetable god," and the "lordling knave *filches* whom he can."* With the same latitude nouns are transmuted into verbs, as to bulwark—to base—to scabbard—to bluff. The poet's next offence, doubtless at the instigation of the Devil, against the peace of English scholars and their dignity, is a most violent propensity to the introduction of strange new-fangled words—words from which Lexiphanes himself would have shrunk back in dismay. In place of the honest old English word "*sad*" he astounds us with *trist* and contristed. Then he thunders upon us with his crasse, condependent, cosmogyre, cosmogyral, colon (not in a grammatical or anatomical sense, but in a French idiom, for cultivator, colonist) croupe, role, fluvial, multifluvian, brume, impalm, beamful, fulminents, imbeaded, ludibrious, and many more, which, to pronounce, would require the lungs of Stentor, and the mouth of Garagantua.

We have now, we trust, with much impartiality, delivered our opinion of the poetical merits of the Columbiad. We will not elevate our American bard to the rank of the *Dii majorum gentium* of poetry, nor degrade him to the level of the heroes of the Dunciad. We place his work "behind the foremost, and before the last," on the same shelf with Wilkie's Epigoniad, Hoole's Arthur, and Pye's Alfred; and perhaps but little below the Madoc of Southey, the Conquest of Canaan of Dwight, and the Exodiad of Cumberland and Burgess. The notes to the Columbiad are full of strange and curious matter; these may perhaps furnish a subject for some future review.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAURA.—*A new Novel.*

We took up this book, as we generally do modern novels, with the expectation of finding an ordinary love adventure insipidly told, or wrought up with far-fetched words and laboured sentences into a pro-

* In this last instance the verb filch seems used instead of plunder, certainly incorrectly.

duction still more insupportable; but we must confess that we never have been more agreeably disappointed. It is true, the story has nothing in it marvellous or extraordinary; it neither surprises nor rivets the attention by intricacy of plot. The heroine, a young female, endowed with beauty, uncommon powers of mind, and a glowing imagination, loses her mother, her only friend, at the age of fifteen, and while deploring her loss becomes accidentally acquainted with a gentleman who discerns her worth, falls in love with her, and finds his attachment returned. Pressed by cold relatives to a marriage at which her feelings revolt, she prefers putting herself, to escape from it, under the protection of her lover. From this first false step further imprudencies arise, and misery and destruction, as usual, are the consequences. No tale can be more simple; the occurrences are such as every observer of life too frequently meets with; but they are related with a choice of expression so happy, in a language so elegant and melodious, and at the same time so chaste and unaffected, that we cannot discover the sentence which could be spared, or the word that seemed to be sought for. The thoughts of the author appear to be neatly and harmoniously conceived in the first instance, and such is the genius pervading the whole narrative that we could read it, and actually have read it, again and again, with that exquisite pleasure with which we would attend the execution of a first rate piece of music, though often heard previously, or stand for hours fascinated before the same beautiful picture.

We forbear making extracts, for were we to begin we should not know when to stop; nor do we think it requisite, for we cannot doubt that the book to be read needs only to be known, and that the American public, by showing a due sensibility on the occasion, will encourage a writer of whom it ought to feel proud.

This writer, as we have since perceived by the advertisement, is the same lady who published about a year ago a collection of letters written from St. Domingo. We recognize the style and the talents, which had already obtained our admiration; but the work before us is more finished, and we sincerely hope that the fair author may diligently prosecute a career of mental exertion for which she seems so eminently qualified.

How she acquired or retained the purity of taste to which this narrative is indebted for all its beauties, in an age when wri-

ters, from want of superior abilities seem reduced to seek in eccentricity and deviation from nature the means of awakening interest; when most of the fashionable novels disgust by a bombastical assemblage of unmeaning words, appearing themselves astonished how they came together, and are rendered only somewhat less obnoxious by being crammed with the spoils of better times, as a French ragout is with forced balls—we are at a loss to conceive. But we are glad that the fact exists, and while we have availed ourselves of this opportunity of thus expressing the praise due to merit, we feel confident that it will be reechoed by every one who peruses this charming performance.

B.

THEATRICAL.

Miss Pope and Signora Storace.

Miss Pope and Signora Storace, two actresses in the Drury Lane Theatre, who for many years have been favourites of the British metropolis, retired from the stage in May last, to spend the remainder of their days in the enjoyment of that fortune which their youth had acquired.

Miss Pope, in early life, is said to have been a successful representative of the liveliest parts in lower comedy. Churchill particularly mentions her excellence in *Cherry*, *Corinna*, and two or three more such parts. Though she was not remarkably excellent in elegant comedy, probably from her want of those physical requisites of voice and person, which are necessary for the *Lady Townlys* and the *Lady Teazles;* yet, in what is called genteel comedy she was almost always admirable. She also excelled in some parts of vulgar comedy; but the species of character in which her most complete merit evinced itself, was that of pert, forward, intriguing chambermaids. There is no one of the common emotions discernible in persons of this class, which did not appear to have been studied by Miss Pope; and the effect of her study was an exquisite resemblance of nature. The

secession of Miss Pope is considered a great, and, at present, irreparable loss to Drury Lane Theatre.

Signora Storace took leave of the stage in a musical address written by Coleman. She was so affected that she fainted, and was carried off amid loud peals of applause from all parts of the house. Many of the spectators thinking she was still acting, gave her credit for more theatrical skill than genuine feeling.

Signora Storace was an excellent singer; and her voice is not yet worn out. The loss of her theatrical powers will not be felt. She was not considered an agreeable actress though she possessed a kind of *boisterous* merriment that pleased some classes of the audience.

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Mysterious Bride.

A Play called the *Mysterious Bride*, the production of the well-known and fashionable Mr. Skiffington, has appeared in London, and been received with no inconsiderable interest.

—

Mrs. Mattocks.

Though the last theatrical season in London has not been fertile, in performances creditable to the managers, or entertaining to the people, it has produced several important secessions among the veterans of the stage. Among others, we have to notice the secession of Mrs. Mattocks. She took her benefit on the 7th of June last. After the play of *The Wonder*, in which, for the last time, she played the character of the chambermaid, an ode on Shakspeare was recited; and then, Mrs. Mattocks came forward and took her last farewell of the stage. She was very much affected, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness that had been shown her in a tremulous tone. Every body was touched, and the sympathetic feeling of the audience was increased when she said, she had been for fifty-eight years before the public. When she expressed a belief that though no one would be found more grateful than herself for the favours of the public, yet, many might be found better entitled to that favour, loud cries of "*no, never,*" burst from all quarters of the house. She repeated her acknowledgments, and, supported by Mr. Cook retired forever.

Mrs. Mattocks was a most truly entertaining comedian. Her talent, indeed, was of a broad and farcical, rather than a chaste and elegant turn. Her greatest excellence was in the representation of chambermaids and of would-be-fashionables; and the broad pertness of intrigue required for the former cast of characters, as well as the farcical whim that is necessary for the latter, is not, it is thought, likely to find for a long while a representative who may put in claims to an equality with Mrs. Mattocks.

Mrs. Mattocks was the sister of the late Mr. Lewis Hallam, the great father of the American stage. Worldly embarrassments compelled their father when his daughter was only four years old, to quit England, and try his fortune in America. Their aunt Barrington, an actress of merit, with true sisterly affection, prevailed on Mr. Hallam to leave our heroine under her protection. She did not neglect her charge; her husband and herself became parents to her in the tenderest sense of the word, and gave her an expensive and a finished education.

Her father, soon after his arrival in this country, became manager of the theatres in New-York, Charleston and Philadelphia, and realized a fortune of ten thousand pounds; but his family lost the whole in the revolution.

At four years and a half old, Miss Hallam performed for her uncle's benefit, at Covent Garden, the part of the "*Parish Girl*" in Gay's "What d'ye Call it." She was so very diminutive, that a gentleman whimsically said, "*he could hear her very well, but he could not see her without a glass.*"

At fifteen, our heroine made her regular debut at the same theatre, in the character of *Juliet;* and from that time till her retirement from the stage (with the exception of one winter, passed in Liverpool, when Mr. Mattocks was manager there) she invariably continued at Covent Garden, and has been for a long series of years a distinguished favourite. It is reported that the queen has allowed Mrs. Mattocks a pension of 200*l* a year.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

If the non-intercourse Bill, now before Congress, should be passed into a Law, and take effect at an early period, it will be a most unfortunate occurrence for our friends of the *Whip*. For, be it known, to whom it may concern, that *driving* is now '*all the go*' among the '*clever-ones*' in London, and that two rival clubs, '*The Barouche*,' and '*Four-in-hand*,' lately established, intend to send out to us a pair of fashionable Plenipos, said to be '*knowing-ones*,' with appropriate equipages, to contend for supremacy on the American Turf. As the law may give sufficient time for these *great characters* to arrive and display their respective pretensions to superiority, we will undertake the humble office of their *avant courier*, and *sans ceremonie*, give a true account of their claims to public favour; so that, our *bucks*, *bloods*, *fashionables* and *would-be-fashionables*, may be "*up-to-the-thing*," "*decide in a crak*," and "*whirl off*" to their leaders.

It is hinted that another club was organizing, which, also, intends to honour us with an envoy; and, though we think his chance of success in this country is not great, yet we will not pretend to decide the question by the musty old rules of good-sense and propriety, but leave it to be determined by the all-glorious uncertainty of whim, fashion, and caprice. This third Club is called the Wheelbarrow Club. It prides itself on the *supposed* vulgarity of the appellation.* It is true, the Wheelbarrow has, time immemorial, been considered only fit for the hands of porters, scavengers and malefactors; but, in this age of wonders, when old-fashioned prejudices are contemned, it is to be drawn by the finest Arabian coursers, guided by the Phaetons of the day, and graced by all the Beauties of the metropolis. A correspondent informs, that the spirit of speculation in this one-wheel-carriage is so great, that, every fish-woman, &c. &c. who owns one, considers the possession equal to a fortune. We cannot, however, place entire confidence in our correspondent's assertion that, "*fat Moll*" sold hers to his grace the Duke

* Some of the squeamish members, wished it called by the French term for this carriage, "*La Brouette*," but a large majority voted in favour of the plain old English.

of —— for 1000 guineas; nor that "yellow Jack" exchanged his for the splendid, but now "*untonnish*" equipage of the charming countess of ——.

Though we cannot, at present, decide whether the '*Barouche*,' or the '*Four-in-hand*' Plenipos will be the 'Ton' on this side of the Atlantic, we will venture to suggest one great obstacle to the success of the Wheelbarrow envoy, particularly in Philadelphia. In this city, our untutored minds are very apt, by a natural association of ideas, when this subject is mentioned, to revert to the use to which a late law of the land doomed the once-degraded vehicle, from which this club receives its name; and, we think, that he must be a bold man if he attempt to introduce it. We, moreover, give him warning, whoever he may be, that he runs no small risk of being dubbed, through life, with the very honourable title of '*The Wheel-barrow-man*,' or, as the French would say, '*Le Brouettier.*'

But to the point. We have the highest authority for asserting that the style of the '*Barouche Driving Club*,' is this. The principal affects the dress of a *coachman;* and his friend who attends him imitates the appearance of the *mail guard*, with a strap and a horn. The carriage is a resemblance of the *mail*, in colour and furniture, and the box has a *sackcloth* for a seat. The pole has chains to it, which the '*queer-ones*,' in technical language call—'*The music of the Bars.*'

The '*Four-in-hand Club*,' at present oppose the '*Barouche*' in reins, whips and harness; and have appointed a grand committee of titled and untitled '*Dashers*' to devise a plan for a carriage that will '*take off the shine*,' from both the "*Barouche*' and the '*Wheelbarrow.*' It is difficult to say which '*kicks up the greatest dust;*' but we hope, that, when all is arranged and their Plenipos arrive among us, we shall not stare with stupid amazement, as we were wont to do in former rusticated times, but be '*up to the thing*,' '*look knowing*,' '*swear like gem'en*,' '*quize the simple-ones*,' '*take the flats in*,' '*be off at a tangent*, and '*d—n the hindmost.*'

"*Harnessed Gentlemen.*"

Tired of my pen, I laid it down, and took up a favourite novel. The first paragraph that presented itself contained the following tribute to Scotch Gallantry, which so greatly pleased me, that I could not resist the desire of transcribing it. If the *Highland laddies* who are so fond of "*drawing their mistresses on the ice*" had sent a few Plenipos harnessed in their best style, to give us the "ton," they would have been "*all the go.*" Indeed, so great would have been the "rage" among our fair fashionables for "*harnessed beaus*," that *horses* would have been thought "*vulgar*" and every *man* and *boy* in the community, put in a state of requisition.

"It is a long-established custom when the neighbouring lakes of Edinburgh are frozen, to have light elegant phaetons made, in which the gentlemen display their gallantry, by drawing the ladies upon the ice. Miss Douglass, with two or three of her companions, mounted one of these vehicles, to which, with five other gentlemen, I had the honour to be harnessed.

"How delightful!" cried the girls.

"How absurd!" said the Vicar, "except indeed that it may serve to remind men of their affinity to asses."

"How like a triumphant entry!" exclaimed Miss Margaret, "I really did not imagine the Scotch possessed so much taste; they must certainly have borrowed it from the Romans. It was—yes, I think it was Nero, who was drawn about by beautiful women."

"We did not, however, continue to exercise our honourable employment for any length of time. A rumour circulated that the ice was cracked; and the gentlemen quickly disengaging themselves from their trappings, slid precipitately to the shore. Those who knew the falsity of the report laughed; those who thought it true trembled; but none ventured to our assistance. It might literally be said, that they resolved not to trust themselves on slippery ground. I ascribe not to myself any particular merit for not deserting my post; they would all, perhaps, have staid, had they been equally interested. The ladies screamed; Miss Douglass fainted with terror; I caught her in my arms; and, forgetting my situation, attempted to bear her from

the carriage; but my feet slipped, and I received so violent a fall that it deprived me of my senses, and effectually set love and gallantry at nought. On my recovering, I found myself in a house. My first inquiry was after my fair companions, whom I heard were in perfect safety; and the gentle accent of Miss Douglass's voice at that moment reaching my ears, I raised my eyes, and saw a tear of tenderness and pity stealing down her cheek. It was a balm of comfort to me, powerful enough to heal contusions much more severe than those I had received. The gentlemen rallied me on my Quixotism. "Gude troth," cried one, "you was a foolish laddie, or you would not have staid. I promise you I should na have remained, if even assured of visiting Amphitrite's bower, and having an elegy and knell from Mermaids and Tritons."

We observe in one of our London papers, that, on the 29th of July last, thirteen members of the "*Four-in-hand Club*" assembled in Audley square with their carriages and four—They started about two o'clock thence for Bedfort, to dine at the Black Dog Inn. Sir Henry Peyton led the way with his four handsome greys.

The intention of encircling Hyde-park with a row of elegant houses it appears is not approved by many of the citizens of London, who have aroused the Tutelary Genius of that "most useful of all useful spots." She urges her suit with respectful submission, but asserts her claims in so powerful and so "touchant" a manner that every son and daughter of the "mistress of cities" must allow the force of her arguments.

Petition of the Tutelary Genius of Hyde-park, to the surveyors of woods and forests;—*Humbly showeth*—That the domain, commonly called Hyde-park, including Rotten-row, the Serpentine, and thence extending to Kensington-gardens, and thence round to Oxford-road and eastward by Park-lane, has, from time immemorial, been deemed a free open park, with liberty of ingress and egress to all his Majesty's well-dressed and well-mounted liege subjects, male and female, of all ages and sexes, without discrimination, and that one half of the good citizens of

London have no idea of woods, or forests, or lakes or rivers, but what they receive from their Sunday visits to said Park.

That it has been the favourite haunt of lovers, accustomed in all ages to unfold their passion, unheeded and unobserved by every eye but that of the sparrow that chirrups on the branches of the spreading oak, or the snow-white swan who glides majestic upon the bosom of the river.

That it has long been the seat where wounded honour has sought reparation, exhibiting deeds of courage worthy of the greatest heroes.

That the betrayed damsel, the dishonoured husband, the broken merchant, and the despairing lover, have been accustomed to seek in Hyde-park a *quietus* for all their cares, by suspension from a tree, or a plunge in the Serpentine.

That the *Belles* and *Beaus* of the metropolis here mix in sweet confusion; the city fair catching the *airs* of the west end of the town; while consumption, care, and loss of appetite, vanish before the breezes that play without restraint or limit over its verdant surface.

Your Suppliant further showeth, that a rumour prevails of an intention to erect a line of large houses round the said park, by means whereof it will become a mere inclosure, differing only in extent from Leicester-fields or Golden-square, and that the benefits and advantages above stated, with many others, will thus cease and determine.

That a lady or gentleman can, in such event, no longer make love in Hyde-park, without being exposed to the malice of all the old maids in the row.

That the desperate and unfortunate cannot drown themselves but in sight of the public.

That the man of honour cannot be shot, or shoot his antagonist, in private; and Chalk Farm must possess a monopoly of duellists.

That the air, now fresh as the breeze from the mountain, must lose its purity, and become mixed with the steam from the luxurious kitchens and fœtid offices of the surrounding edifices.

That Hyde-park, long a scene of health and recreation, will thus lose all its attractions, and with its attractions all its visitors and admirers.

Your Suppliant, therefore, humbly hopes, that said plan of Brick and Mortar may not be adopted. And your Suppliant will ever pray.

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RACES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A writer for the London newspapers at Brighton, in July last, thus announces the then coming races at that place:—"The Pavilion Stakes at Brighton Races will be one of the most sportive of the season. Some of the first horses in the kingdom will start for these Stakes, among which are the Duke of Grafton's Vandyke, the beaten favourite for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, and Pan, the winner of those Stakes. The interest is excited between these horses, both of which are entered for the Pavilion Stakes. The sporting men at Epsom backed Vandyke against the field, and the betting was 20 to 1 against Pan, which horse is said to have won in the following manner:—Vandyke was making play during the last half mile, and, among the multiplicity of horses, none were supposed to have any chance except one, which Vandyke's rider had got the whip hand of, and to make a tolerable race, he held Vandyke back, while the other was making every effort to win. During this contention, Pan's jockey, a cunning Yorkshireman, rode on the right side of the other two horses, and when within a few yards of the comingin post, let loose and won the heat, without Vandyke's jockey being aware that Pan was near him, his attention being steadfastly fixed on the horse before described.—Some thousands are depending on the next race, and the odds are betted freely on Vandyke.

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Irvine Races, Scotland, were attended by a very numerous and gay assemblage of nobility and gentry. A large subscription is raised for this year's sport; and the Stewards are Lord Elphinstone, Sir John Maxwell, Colonel Brisbane, of Brisbane, and Robert Wallace, Esq. of Kelly.

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STAMFORD.—The races were most numerously and fashionably attended; the horses, &c. were in high condition, and the heats extremely well contested. The Macaroni Stakes (rode by gentlemen) afforded great amusement, and the noted Jeffery Gambado, rode by

Dr. John Willis, won, it was supposed entirely by jockeyship, as the race was most arduously contested at the distance-post, and the odds were very high on Mr. S. S. Prime, who rode Longitude, a beaten horse, in a very superior style. Mr. Prime and Dr. John set off immediately after the race, to ride at Bibury.

An unfortunate accident happened at the above races. Shortly previous to the appointed time of the horses starting on Monday, the barouche belonging to Arthur Annesly, Esq. was overturned, and several ladies in it were thrown out with violence.

VARIETY.

Shaftesbury.

The History of this Nobleman, in the Biographia Britannica, is a kind of panegyric on him; but a *bon mot* of himself conveys the truest idea of his character. Charles the Second, said of him one day—"Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions"—He bowed, and replied, "of a *subject*, Sir, I believe I am."

Brush Collins.

The following curious and laconic letter was sent, some years since, to Mr. Herbert, manager of an itinerant company of players, by Mr. Collins, better known by the name of Brush Collins, lately deceased:

'Sir—Fortunately for your company, I am disengaged. I am up to Melpomene, down upon Thalia, twig Farce, and smoke Pantomime. They say I am a very good figure, and I never saw a looking glass that contradicted that report. To have me now is your time or never. Yours, &c.

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The ignorance of Villoison's Masters withheld from him a merited prize for the best version of a passage from a Greek author. Villoison consulted the Greek text, and the Masters were guided by an erroneous Latin interpretation!

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I ardently wish you would do me the favour to publish the enclosed corrected copy of my "Natural Bridge" in the first number of your Monthly Miscellany: I have retrenched three quatrains of it, to which the *sed nunc non erat his locus* applied. As these are the only verses of mine that aspire to much poetical merit, I am desirous to preserve them, in a work, which will descend to future generations; and meanwhile, acquaint my cotemporaries and countrymen in England, that I am yet between heaven and earth.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN DAVIS.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.*—BY JOHN DAVIS.

When Fancy from the azure skies,
On earth come down, before unseen;
She bade the wondrous structure rise,
And haply chose this sylvan scene.

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* The bridges in America, whether they be natural or *unnatural*, have been so imperfectly, if not injuriously, described, by European travellers and tourists, that no foreign reader has an adequate idea of these structures, which, from Solomon's bridge over the brook Cedron, to Roman magnificence, displayed on the Tiber, have contributed so much to the convenience and the character of nations. The bridge, which has excited the powers of our poet's fancy, is thus described, and, we believe, with perfect accuracy, by an American gentleman, an eye-witness of this miracle of nature. *Ed.*

The Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, though far from being the sublimest work of God, is a stupendous natural curiosity. It unites two hills. The height of the bridge from the water is about 210 feet. The bases of the abutments are in different places from 48 to 70 feet apart, the mean distance being about 60 feet. One of these walls or abutments is nearly perpendicular; the other falls back, so that the top of the arch is from 80 to 90 feet wide. The covering of the arch is from 40 to 50 feet thick. It is of limestone, forming an entire mass, with the two abutments. This is thought by some to contradict the idea that this fissure was produced by some "great convulsion." Its surface, over which is a considerable road, is a gentle slope and stony; but generally covered with earth, which supports many large trees. The under side is lower at one end than at the other. Both ends rise like an arch; but in the middle extend horizontally, nearly in a straight line. The walls, which support the arch, and those which forms the side of the bridge, are very irregular. In some

The Graces too, with spritely air,
Assisted in the work divine;
The Arch they formed with nicest care,
And made the murm'ring stream incline.

Then Fancy, from the pile above,
Would gaze with rapture, bending o'er;
And charmed, behold the streamlet rove,
While Echo mocked its sullen roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,
With uplift hands, and eye amazed;
As sudden, from the devious wood,
He first upon the fabric gazed!

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguished ruin lie;
See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,
And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh,

But while relentless time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its every part.

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parts, they are smooth and perpendicular, in others there are cavities, while other parts exhibit a protuberant and craggy surface. The bridge crosses the vale obliquely. In the middle, it is 65 feet in breadth, but much wider at the ends. The banks, which support the bridge, extend, with the same height, several hundred yards on each side of the stream: but they do not correspond with each other, as if rent asunder. Neither does "the fissure continue straight for a considerable distance above and below the bridge." Its course resembles an ill formed S, spreading wider as it extends either above or below. Few persons have the courage to approach the side of this bridge. Those who do are instantly seized with horror. They involuntarily fall to the ground, cling to a stone, or tree, look down on the frightful abyss below, and gaze with astonishment at the massy walls, the deep winding valley, the rushing stream, and the distant hills. To persons below, a prospect not less awful and grand is presented. Men view the towering arch, its strong foundations, and the distant sky; and *adore that God who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I take the liberty to send you the subjoined copy of an epistle to the bard of Caledonia. Should you think it deserving a place in your elegant Miscellany I shall consider your approbation as a sure pledge of its favourable reception by the celebrated author to whom it was addressed. As it is the production of one whose reading has been much confined, should any resemblance to the lines of others be discovered, the author trusts that candour will attribute them to a casual coincidence of sentiment; not to an intention of passing on the public as his own, what is in fact the property of another.

Though highly sensible to the mediocrity of his talents, he would disdain to pilfer from any, and there are few from whom he would condescend to borrow.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Nemo te lacrhymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit: cur! volitis vivu per ora virum:

In these uncultur'd, wild dominions,
Where Avarice holds her tyrant sway,
And Luxury in proud array,
Swells her long train with Fortune's minions;
Can aught inspire a bard to raise,
The tributary song of Praise?
To pour the soul-enchanting lay,
And soaring wing his airy way
On Fancy's rainbow-tinted pinions?
Alas, the lyre neglected lies,
And Genius proud, deserted dies:
Or forc'd with swelling heart to bow
To some unjoyous cold pursuit,
Which damps each fine romantic feeling;
The tuneful voice now hushed and mute;
The pallid cheek and frowning brow,
His inward high disdain revealing,
Down his wan cheek the big tear stealing,
I see him breathe an ardent vow,
And dash to earth his shattered lute.

Oppressed he leaves the Muses' court,
His piercing eye and lofty port
But ill a broken heart concealing.
Yes, Scott, such cruel fate attends,
In this rude clime, the Muses' friends:
Here all must bow to law and trade,
And humble homage must be paid
To Folly, if in wealth array'd.
Even Vice can purchase fair renown,
If Wealth her base exertions crown:
But talents languish in the shade:
While Poësy, enchanting maid,
And towering Genius here are born
To brook the world's malignant scorn:
Or sad retire to some wild mountain
And sigh beside the murmuring fountain.
Yet even in this unbless'd retreat,
The pensive poet still shall meet,
One guerdon to his soul most dear,
In woman's angel smile and tear.
Yes, lovely woman, thou shalt cheer,
With sweetest smile, his prospect drear;
And when his spirits sink beneath
A broken heart, and close in death,
Benignant thou shalt spread his pall,
Shalt kindly weep his early fall;
And Spring's first violets shall bloom,
Reared by thee around his tomb.
Sweet Minstrel, here, though care-infected
Too sure the poet's laurels die,
Though oft by such sad scenes dejected
Columbia's Genius heaves the sigh;
Think not thy border Muse, neglected,
Even here shall pass unhonoured by.
No, in thy praise one son of Song,
Ere yet he leaves the vocal throng,
Though low his voice, unknown his name,
Among the favoured sons of fame,

Shall, trembling, strive to tune the lyre,
And catch one spark of heavenly fire.
Oh! could he sweep like thee the wire,
And notes of softest tune inspire,
He'd boldly echo back again,
Thy feeling, wild romantic strain:
Then sounds so soft, so loud, and clear,
Should break on thy enraptured ear,
That thou should'st think the gales of even,
Came freighted with the songs of heaven.
And as he poured the deathless strain,
Self-kindling with a rapture holy,
He'd proud repel the cold disdain
Of wretches born to wealth and folly.
Yet though no bright, no dazzling ray
Of genius round his pencil play,
Still shall thy glowing strain impart
A joy to sooth his troubled heart.
When Fancy sees thy 'champions proud,'
Meet like the 'bursting thunder cloud,'
Scarce can that heart restrain a sigh,
Amid the battle's storm to die.
And when in Cranstoun's noble mind,
He sees the 'courtly Baron bold,'
By towering valour love-refined,
His Margaret's fond affection hold,
He sighs to think those days are o'er,
And knightly feats can charm no more.
When Clara's image blooming breaks
Upon his mind and fondly wakes
His soul to scenes so deeply traced,
In colours ne'er to be effaced;
He'll think upon his early youth,
And his own Stella's matchless truth;
Who seven long years, besieged by fiends
In human shape, in guise of friends,
Though thick malignant scandal flew,
Still own'd her Henry just and true.

When victor in the evening fight,
Stands famed de Wilton's injured knight,
When Vengeance raised the flaming brand
And scarce he stays his lifted hand,
She'll see her Henry in the one
Who spared the guilty Marmion.
For joys like these, much honoured Scott,
Accept this strain, ah, scorn it not,
Accept the tribute of a youth,
Unskilled in Flattery's art,
It bears, howe'er in sounds uncouth,
The homage of a feeling heart,
Traced in the sacred characters of truth.

HENRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO ——.

The foreign plant—"*Forget me not*,"
Blossom'd in Autumn's sunny hour,
Transplanted to my native cot,
It bloom'd a parlour window flow'r.
Its clust'ring buds their fragrance drew
From tender Friendship's fost'ring care,
And gem'd with Pity's sparkling dew,
The sweet exotic flourish'd fair.
When dark November's chilling show'r,
Deepen'd the forests gloomy shade;
I saw the angry tempest low'r,
And, oh! I fear'd my plant would fade.
Oft as its verdant, glossy leaves,
With gentle hand, was lightly press'd;
The charm, that fairy-fancy weaves,
Clings to my vacant, aching breast.
The sun has left its parting beam,

And tipp'd with gold the distant hill:
Its roseate tints, but faintly gleam,
And all the Autumn gales are still.
The Muse, with timid, anxious eye,
Now, glances o'er her lov'd retreat;
And Hope exhales a trembling sigh,
From buds so frail, and bloom so sweet.
Yet still shall I, those sweets inhale,
Which scent the ambient air for me;
And still shall kiss those blossoms pale,
Which gave their balmy breath to thee.
And when I twine around my cot,
The tendrils of my native bow'r;
The foreign plant—"forget me not,"
Shall be my parlour-window flow'r.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE *TRANSIT* OF THE EXOTIC—1809.

Stern Winter reigns; the willows green
Which droop'd around my cottage-scene;
The pensive Autumn's fading flow'r,
And all that grac'd my Summer bow'r,
Each blushing bud, and odour sweet,
Which once adorn'd my sylvan seat,
Touch'd by the rigid hand of Frost
Are all with icy gems emboss'd.
The tendrils from the vine are cleft:
Yet still my foreign plant was left;
My foreign plant, of beauty rare,
Was shielded from the piercing air;
And oft within my rustic cot,
The melting tone—"*forget me not*,"—
Sweetly sooth'd my list'ning ear,
And touch'd the chord to Mem'ry dear.
Yet, as the winged moments flew,
My fragile flow'ret chang'd its hue;

And Mem'ry now unfolds a tale,
Attested by its blossoms pale;
Whispers soft, that Friendship's smile,
Sigh, and blush, and dang'rous wile;
And e'en the charm, that Fancy weaves,
Linger'd long amidst its leaves.
But, Fate's dark omen broke the spell,
The stars were veil'd; the snow-storm fell:
The drear North-East with sudden blast,
On all my buds and blossoms past;
Struck by the with'ring hand of Frost,
Flow'rs, foliage, fragrance, all are lost.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the liberal Public we now present the first number of our Miscellany. When it is remembered by Friendship and Candour that our final plan of arrangement was not settled until nearly the close of February, those generous Powers, to whom we have appealed, will promptly pardon the minor blemishes of what must be justly considered as a hasty composition. Our foreign correspondence is not yet fully arranged. Our domestic friends are not completely roused. In short, "The scambling and unquiet Time" has precluded the power of accomplishing any thing like a complete miscellany. But this apology is merely occasional, and will not be repeated. At the entrance of the visto of success, we are, for a moment in partial darkness and obscurity. But we see radiance as we advance, and enough of enchantment in the distance to tempt the perseverance of any adventurer. To change the metaphor, nothing is more common among men of refined taste in the pleasures of the table than to refuse their opinion of the character of the Port or Burgundy,

they happen to be drinking, until they have swallowed at least six glasses. Among experienced epicures it would argue a notable want of connoisseurship, to pronounce upon the merits or demerits of vine juice, after tasting only a thimble full. We hope the crusty critic will emulate the patience of the very honest and jovial gentlemen we have just described. After perusing *six* numbers of The Port Folio, and finding all of them either crude or mawkish, he will then have a right to pronounce the whole vile trash, and refuse both his sanction and custom.

We recommend to the gentlemen immediately concerned in furnishing papers for the literary department, to attach to each essay certain cabalistical characters by which the property can be known and identified. The advantages of this practice must be obvious. The *suum cuique*, the generous maxim of the liberal Romans, will be then appropriately ascribed, and more care will probably be employed upon a composition, than if this rule were rejected. In the Tatler, the Spectator, the Connoisseur, the World, and in many other periodical papers of celebrity, this is a settled custom.

We hope too, our occasional and foreign correspondents, will likewise adopt a system of appropriate signatures, in which Reason, Modesty, and Simplicity, should always have a place. Fantastic appellations, to flimsy essays, are equally injudicious and common. Not only our newspapers, but works of a more durable character, are often covered with such a strange set of uncouth figures, that we scarcely recognize our company. We have seen *Timoleon*, in the guise of a cobler, and *Tullia*, assuming the character of a vestal virgin. *Phryne* has vindicated the doctrines of Chastity, and *Pym* has defended the Church of England. *Anacreon* has written Odes more obscure and prolix, than those of *Pindar*, and *Pindar*, not to be deficient in propriety, has indited little songs, shorter and simpler than those of *Shenstone*.

All these absurdities should be avoided, by those, who aspire to correctness of thought, or felicity of expression. We

hope this suggestion will have a salutary effect. It is likewise wished that one correspondent would never trespass upon the rights, by assuming the signature of another. This inevitably leads to inextricable confusion, and is, moreover, in the issue, injurious to both parties.

Those gentlemen, who assist us with scientific or literary papers, are apprized distinctly of the absolute necessity of addressing them seasonably to our Publishers. It is expected of each member of the confederacy, that at least he should furnish one paper for each number of The Port Folio. This exaction, though it may seem onerous to the half-shut eye of Indolence, will, to the optics of a more active and generous Power, appear but a *reasonable service.*

For the sake of system, uniformity, expedition, and elegance, for the sake of relieving the editor and the publishers from all the perplexities of procrastination, it is hoped that every correspondent will send us his communication, at least twenty days before he anticipates its appearance in this Journal. Very remote residents, must address to us their letters on a still earlier day; and our friends in Philadelphia and its vicinity, will greatly oblige us by particularly attending to our limitation of time.

In the making up of their literary despatches, gentlemen will please to address us in legible penmanship, carefully punctuated, and with the orthography modelled according to the standard of doctor Johnson.

For the accommodation of city correspondents, and for those, whose modesty shrinks from an interview with the proprietors, a letter-box is opened at No. 4, South Third-Street. In this repository designed for the most useful purposes, we hope that no papers will be left, but such as will redound to the honour of the writers, and the benefit of the community.

Elegant Poetry, in all its delightful varieties, Essays in the manner either of Addison, Johnson, or Goldsmith, Sketches of American Biography, Instructive Narratives, whether in the

class of fact or fiction, Original Anecdotes, and Pieces of Humour, together with shrewd and sensible Criticism, will always be examined with the utmost avidity.

We look to the enlightened agriculturist for Essays on topics of Rural Economy; to the painter, sculptor, and architect, for information respecting the advancement of the Fine Arts; to the ingenious mechanist for a history of the progress of the Useful; to some of the *literary* box-lobby loungers for notices of the Drama. To the gentlemen of the bar, for reports of their Speeches, and to the classical scholars for illustrations of the fine authors of antiquity.

The History of any improvement in Liberal Art, or Useful Science, will be highly interesting to our friends and the public. Accurate descriptions of the public edifices of Philadelphia, particularly of those, devoted to the most liberal and benevolent purposes, will not only contribute to the glory of the one, but essentially subserve the interests of the other. It is both for the honour and interest of the friends of every public institution, to give the Editors all possible assistance in this behalf. This is not the first time this sort of service has been courteously sought. We hope it will be refused no longer.

In the cabinets of the curious, we know to a certainty many original letters of great value are reposited. We hope we shall be able to bring some of these treasures to light.

We trust it will not be unreasonably imagined by any of the most exacting subscribers, that a work upon such an extensive plan as The Port Folio, shall be entirely original. The character, situation, and habits of the country absolutely forbid the accomplishment of such a design. But in consequence of our connexion with the publishers of this Journal, we have liberal access not only to a vast collection of standard authors, but to every new production of merit, published at home or abroad. So judicious are the arrangements of Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, that we have long been in the habit, a habit, which is now fully confirmed, of perusing many of the most

valuable periodical publications, nearly as soon as they are printed in France or England. Moreover, by the constant courtesy of the librarian and directors of the Philadelphia Library, a collection unrivalled in America, both for use and splendor, we have free permission, upon the most benignant terms, to consult invaluable volumes, either in the Loganian, the Prestonian, or the Miscellaneous alcoves. From these copious fountains of knowledge, we shall take care to draw off whatever is wholesome, and may fertilize the mind.

Although *Classical Learning* has been most undeservedly and ignominiously neglected, in some parts of the United States, yet in spite of the sneers of some, and the theories of others, there is a favourite few, who have successfully studied the fine authors of Greece and Rome. With certain brilliant characters of this class, the Editor has the honour of being in habits of frank intimacy. From men, who have thus wisely directed attention to whatever is perfect in thought, and exquisite in expression, he hopes to receive elegant translations, happy imitations, witty parodies, and accurate notices of the authors of the Augustan age of Roman Literature.

In the London Magazine, and many other respectable vehicles, although principally intended for the amusement of the lounging, the laughing, or the fashionable world, still the interest of solid science never was totally forgotten. Accordingly, a concise department has always been allotted to the propounding and to the solution of *Mathematical Questions*. We wish to offer the same opportunity to the American Philomath. Many gentlemen in the country, are eminent for their skill in this science. We wish each problem to be succinctly stated, each diagram to be distinctly drawn, and the demonstration to be as concise, and as elegant as possible. It must always be remembered, that this Miscellany is open to the learned and the studious, as well as to the laugher and the lounger.

Useful projects may be very successfully started in this Journal. America is a sort of *Canaan* for projectors. We do

not, by any means, intend to be understood, as expressing this sarcastically. We affirm, with confidence and truth, that America, her age considered, has been eminently distinguished for the multiplicity and utility of her inventions. Correct notices of this description of discoveries will always be cheerfully inserted, and with auxiliar suggestions, or adroit management, we may hope to elicit Genius from undeserved obscurity.

It has been remarked, we hope unjustly, that the national character is phlegmatic, and that the powers of Merriment, Wit, and Humour, are strangled by the iron hand of Care, or at least checked by the severity of business. We think we could cite some shining examples to the contrary. Our fellow-labourers in New-England, the classical Editors of the Monthly Anthology, a work which we rejoice to behold regularly appearing with new radiance, are conspicuous afar by the scintillations of Wit, as well as by the torch of Science. The sneering and sarcastic caterers of *Salmagundi*, a poignant dish, which has delighted many an epicure, proved that with them there was no lack of attic salt; and we often read in some American repository many a pleasant paragraph and poem, of which Arburthnot or a Swift might not have been ashamed. Of this class of contributions, so vital to the success of a Literary Journal, we hope to obtain such an abundance as to prove, that even in America, a Rabelais, a Sterne, or a Gay might be found.

From this gay department the transition is easy to one still more airy. We allude to the province of song writing, which although exquisitely beautiful and alluring, has been, with few exceptions, strangely neglected in America. The poets of the continent and of Great Britain, have indulged themselves in the composition of the lighter lyric, devoted to the celebration of the joys either of love, of wine, or of the chase. Some of the most agreeable compositions of the conciser character, that were ever indited, are to be found in the collections of the French, English, and German songs. In this country, the

themes for the ballad-measure are innumerable. In every grove, in every field, in every hamlet, we may find materials. We wish to excite the workmen. Songs, patriotic, nautical, jovial, or amatory, will, if inspired by Genius, always be hearkened to with delight. If we be so fortunate as to obtain these lighter effusions of the playful Muse, we promise that Music shall suitably greet her sister Poetry.

A lover of Latinity and votary of Virgil has thrown together at Petersburg in Virginia, some critical remarks upon the versification of that poet, which are entitled *Notationes in Virgilium*, and are inscribed, in the form of a dedication, to Mr. Girardin, an emigrant Frenchman, and respectable scholar, concerned in the government of the college of William and Mary. These notes appear to us to be little more than a translation of the usual critical remarks, prefixed to the works of Virgil, in the common editions, with an *English* version. In Davidson's, for example, some of the parallel passages may be found. But as our annotator has, in some instances, broken the shackles of servility, and thought for himself, and as, in many of his citations and commendations he appears to feel something of the enthusiasm of the poet, we were inclined to preserve his communication, especially as it is addressed to a gentleman of various and respectable attainments, who justly holds an illustrious rank in the first seminary of Virginia. But, unfortunately, we have lost the manuscript in question, and nothing remains but to offer this little tribute by way of atonement to our ingenious commentator.

The hand-writing of our old correspondent, J. D. we have just again recognized, without the yawn of lassitude or the contempt of criticism. We have always been inclined to think favourably of this young man's talents, and have often regretted that they were not more frequently and judiciously employed. If he thought proper, he might become a celebrated votary

of the miscellaneous Muse. His genius is naturally inclined to the gay and sportive, and though he may not soar like the Theban Swan, he does not waddle and creep like the goose of Cibber. It appears to us after a very careful scrutiny of his powers, that he has studied, with attention, admires with enthusiasm, and may copy with neatness the sweet and cheerful style of Oliver Goldsmith. Our sometime correspondent, we know, has some of the capricious feelings of the *irritabile genus*. As whim inspired, he has sometimes been prodigal of his praise, and sometimes lavish of his lampoons. But *in all his humours, whether grave or mellow*, we have never been so provoked by his petulance, as to refuse justice to his abilities. Let him peruse this article with that docility, which is so delightful a feature in the character of Addison, and many other eminent authors, who justly aspired to a noble distinction. Let him weigh his strength. Let him calculate his resources, and then, if in conformity to our opinion, he can emulate the gayer style of the essayists, let him *come out*, and remember that the exercise of writing twelve concise papers in a year is no very terrific task; that as there is no fear that Dulness will cause him to stumble at the threshold, there is a willing presumption that Time and Talents will conduct him through the Temple.

We have not forgotten the works or the pretensions of the late Hon. Fisher Ames. We know and have listened to the orator.

> Persuasion's self was seated on his tongue:
> So soft, so sweetly soothing flow'd his words,
> And left their sting in the consenting heart.

The animated lyrics with the *honoured* signature of Manto, who has displayed a generous enthusiasm and splendid talents in favour of the glorious struggle of the Spanish cavaliers, we perused with approbation and delight. This favourite writer is requested to repress diffidence and reject reserve. There is no occasion for either. The editor long since cherished the hope of a personal interview with the author. On this, as on many other

occasions of agreeable anticipation he has been disappointed. But as the parties cannot at present converse, it is sincerely wished that they may correspond with one another. In scrutinizing our friend's verses, in company with an associate, warmed with poetic fire, and guided by all the light of criticism, so far from discovering any thing to reprehend, it was mutually agreed, that the various spirited invocations, beginning 'Fair Valencia' together with the admirable allusion to a queen of of Spain, who sold her jewels to enable Columbus to effectuate the discovery of America, was more than poetry.

The poetical description of the Natural Bridge, a stupendous curiosity in the state of Virginia, is a favourable specimen of the author's powers. We have taken the liberty to alter a word. In his third stanza the poet exclaims,

> Then Fancy, from the pile above,
> Would gaze with rapture, bending o'er;
> And, charmed, behold the streamlet rove,
> While Echo mock'd its feeble roar.

We object to the epithet *feeble*. Whether a *streamlet*, a runnel, a small fountain of water ever *roars* is a question. But at any rate, the association of a *feeble* roar reminds of the most *forcible feeble* of sir John Falstaff, or the roaring like any *sucking dove*, the roaring like any nightingale, so happily undertaken by Mr. Nicholas Bottom, weaver. We have, therefore, substituted the epithet sullen, and refer the author to Milton, describing his *far off curfew*,

> Over some wide watered shore,
> Swinging slow with *sullen roar*.

With this solitary exception, suggested by the sharpsightedness of verbal criticism, we think the poem a very meritorious production.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

The booksellers of Philadelphia having long contemplated the publication of the most celebrated histories of England, it was deemed by the Editor no impertinent service to the cause of elegant letters concisely to state the pretensions, and modestly to vindicate the reputation of Hume and Smollet.

Without impertinently discoursing upon the utility of historical narrative, a topic, which must be obvious to every reflecting reader, we may be permitted to remark that the name of Hume is an ample passport to celebrity. Whatever may be thought of his demerits by the scrupulous, or the pious, as an author, unhappily inclining to the side of infidelity, his talents, as an historian and politician, cannot be too strenuously applauded. Although nearly half a century has elapsed, since the commencement of his literary career, his fame is still augmenting. Among the Scotch, even in the opinion of those who are acrimoniously disposed towards him as a sceptic, he is considered as the prince of modern historians. Nor does the jealousy of South Britain dispute his precedency. Gibbon, a competent judge, and himself a skilful artificer of language, thus nobly compliments his illustrious predecessor: "The old reproach that no British altars had been raised to the Muse of History, was recently disproved by the first performances of Robertson and Hume, the Histories of Scotland and of the Stuarts. I will assume the presumption of saying, that I was not unworthy to read them: nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated perusals. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-turned periods of doctor Robertson enflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair."

Doctor Johnson, a high and commanding authority, objects to the Gallicisms, which, he avers, sometimes pollute the page of Mr. Hume. As this opinion of a mighty critic has been generally credited, both abroad and at home, the writer of this ar-

ticle hopes that he shall not be taxed with arrogant presumption, if he modestly attempt to vindicate the purity of the style of a favourite writer.

Long before the arrival of the literary manhood of our historian, oppressed by Indigence and mortified by Neglect, he had, in a sort of despair, abandoned his own country, and sequestered himself for three years in a provincial town in France. At subsequent periods he passed much of his time on the continent, and as he was a passionate admirer both of the literature and the character of the Parisians, it is by no means wonderful that his style should occasionally be slightly tinged with the peculiarities of a foreign idiom. Accordingly, in the first editions of his invaluable history, we may discover, on a strict scrutiny, a few phrases which are corrupted by a French infusion. Doctor Priestley, in his ingenious Grammar, one of the most instructive books he ever published, was, after the usual procession of the periodical critics, the first to discover and indicate these Gallicisms. But though he searched for them with all the perspicacity of a philologer, his zeal and industry could detect but a few, and these of trivial importance. All this criticism is now perfectly nugatory or worse. It must be remembered that Hume's History has run through repeated editions; that after its celebrity was sufficiently diffused, the industrious author resided, for periods of long duration, in the capital, where, from the examples of the purest writers and speakers, he could not fail to adjust the accuracy of his diction. Moreover, it is notorious to all, who have the slightest acquaintance with polite literature, that the History of England as it now appears, is perfectly English. The author, an ambitious aspirant after literary renown, whose ruling passion was the love of fame, to whom study was the greatest source of enjoyment, and who "regarded every object as contemptible, except the improvement of his talents as a writer," would not and could not fail, after repeated revisions of his work, so to prepare his pages as to defy all the assaults of verbal criticism. In fact Hume is now justly considered as an English classic, and his narrative as a fine model of composition. The beauties

in his History are innumerable. He commands all our attention. He has a claim for all our applause, whether he describes the projects of the duke of Normandy, or the battle of Hastings, the glories of the house of Plantagenet, or the tyranny of the Tudors, the insolence of Becket, or the pageantry of Wolsey, the primitive simplicity of Latimer, or the archiepiscopal dignity of Laud, the loyalty of Falkland, the wisdom of Strafford, the spirit of Derby, the fidelity of Clarendon, or the murder of Charles.

Let an ambitious student imprint on his memory, Mr. Hume's narrative of the martial maid of Orleans, the battle of Agincourt, the approach of the Armada, the cruelties of Mary, the execution of lady Gray, the fanaticism of the covenanters, the habitual hypocrisy of Cromwell, and the gross credulity of his Roundheads, and he will scarcely find his mind stored with finer passages by any historian.

In a spirit of false and malignant criticism, certain carpers among the French, have rashly pronounced Smollet "but an *indifferent writer*." They have audaciously averred that he is both partial and passionate, and makes no atonement for these faults by the elegance of his style. They ignominiously brand him as a dry writer, who touches neither the imagination nor the heart. Just admiration of an accomplished Scotchman, urges us to inform these French critics, that their opinion of his literary pretensions is utterly destitute of a shadow of foundation. It is partial, unjust, and absurd. His History, though avowedly written in haste, and sometimes in the spirit of a partizan, is full of vivacity and vigour. It is never dull, monotonous or fatiguing. It abounds in reflections. Its tones are various and harmonious; and by the energy of some passages, and the eloquence of others, it affects both the imagination and the heart. A critic must be wholly destitute of discernment, as well as of candour, who pronounces the style of Smollet devoid of energy and grace. Few are more gloriously distinguished than this nervous and fluent writer.

BUTTERMILK FALLS.